

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

*Ζών μου, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.**

1.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζών μου, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

2.

By those tresses unconfin'd,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζών μου, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

3.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well,
By love's alternate joy and wo,
Ζών μου, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

4.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζών μου, σὺς ἀγαπῶ.

Towards the latter end of December, 1809, Lord Byron visited Athens for the first time. During his stay, which lasted nearly three months, he resided with Theodora Macri, a Grecian lady, and widow of the late English consul at Athens, and passed his time in visiting the most celebrated spots surrounding that interesting and classic shrine of ancient glory, or in paying attentions to the three virtuous and beautiful daughters of his amiable hostess. Their names were Theresa, Mariana, and Katinka; and Theresa, the eldest, for whom he either feigned or felt an intense passion, which was, however, purely Pla-

* My life, I love you.

tonic—was, as "the Maid of Athens, the subject of this warm and pretty encomium. According to the custom of courtship in this country, he had wounded himself with a dagger across his breast in her presence, but without eliciting any corresponding sympathy from the youthful beauty, who stoically witnessed the operation as a trifling tribute to her charms. The history of this family, apart from this, is as interesting as it is painfully romantic.

The consul dying, leaving them in poverty, they obtained a livelihood by renting a part of their house to English travellers; and being more accomplished than Grecian females usually are, incomparably lovely, and possessing many virtues and social qualities, they gained the esteem of all who knew them; but, rendered famous by the publication of Lord Byron's eulogy, they afterwards formed one of the greatest attractions of Athens. Among the many Englishmen who resorted to their house, a Mr. W ***** and Mr. C ***** by unremitting attentions, gained the affections of Theresa and Katinka, and they were honorably engaged to be married. Their pretended lovers at length left for England, where they remained, and thus cruelly and infamously deserted them, alleging as a reason that their fathers objected to their unions. The confiding hearts of the two sisters were torn with bitterness and anguish by this shameful neglect, and they entirely withdrew from all society.

When the Turks took Athens, the family fled to Corfu in an open boat, where, at first, they were not permitted to land; and being utterly destitute, they would have perished, had they not fortunately found a friend, whose influence procured them admission. Lord Guilford, who was then in Rome, happened to hear of their circumstances, and generously sent them one hundred pounds to relieve their pressing wants.

Mariana, the youngest sister, has been dead a long time; the two eldest were married, and are now living in comfort and happiness; and although time has dimmed their youthful beauty, their mental adornments have increased with maturity.

Theresa, (whose name is now Mrs. Black,) it is said, has a daughter, whose loveliness surpasses that for which her mother was formerly so celebrated.

"Paid down upon the nail."—The origin of this phrase is thus stated in the *Recollections of O'Keefe*, the dramatist:

"An ample piazza under the Exchange [in Limerick] was a thoroughfare; in the centre stood a pillar, about four feet high, and upon it a

circular plate of copper about three feet in diameter; this was called the *nail*, and on it was paid the earnest for any commercial bargains made; which was the origin of the saying: "Paid down upon the nail."—*Notes and Queries*.

THE WIDOW'S ERRATUM. A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of going into the office to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word *HERR*, and substituted *NA* in their place, thus altering the sentence from, "and he shall be thy *LORD*" (*Herr*), to, "and he shall be thy *FOOL*" (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum, and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

Curiosities of Literature.

"*Σίκεπα.*" In the prophecy regarding the birth of John the Baptist (Luke i. 15) the angel says:

"*Καὶ οἶνον καὶ σίκεπα οὐ μὴ πίῃ.*"

This is, in the authorized version (I quote from the original 1611-edit.) rightly rendered:

"And shal drinke neither wine nor strong drinke."

Now, in the *Golden Legend*, fol. cxl. (Wynkyn de Worde's edition, Lond. 1516) is this account:

"For he shall be grete, and of grete myerte tofore our Lord: he shall not drinke wyne ne syder, ne thyng wherof he myght be drunken."

I need hardly remind your readers that *σίκεπα* was often used by the LXX translators for an intoxicating liquor, as distinguished from wine, viz. Lev. x. 9; Num. vi. 3, etc., and in about nine places; but I do not remember "syder" as the "thyng wherof he myghte be drunken." Can any of your philological friends call to mind a similar version? I do not want to be told the derivation of *σίκεπα*, for that is obvious; nor do I lack information as to the inebriating qualities of "syder," for, alas! an intimate acquaintance with Devonshire has often brought before my notice persons "drunken" with that exhilarating beverage. **RICHARD HOOPER.**—*Notes and Queries.*

THE PRAYER-BOOK.—Mr. Heywood has carried an address for a copy of the alterations in the Book of Common Prayer proposed by the Royal Commissioners for the revision of the Liturgy in 1689. The original is now in the library at Lambeth, having descended through successive Archbishops of Canterbury, from Archbishop Tillotson; and the present Archbishop thinks he ought not to give a copy, unless it were for publication under the authority of the House of Commons.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Some French writer (Victor Hugo, I believe) has said that English literature consists of four distinct literatures, English, American, Scottish, and Irish, each having a different character. Has this view of our literature been taken, and exhibited in all its aspects, by any English writer; and if so, by whom?—*Notes and Queries.*

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Thy radiant genius glances over all
With sunlike splendor:—Sea, rock, waterfall,
Or the shy brook creeping through tangled leaves,
Or cottage lattice under trelac'd eaves:
All share those beams;—but brightest still they
pause
On Warrior's steel, unsheath'd in Freedom's
cause.

SOMETHING SERIOUS.—Ce livre n'est pas fait pour ceux qui n'aiment que les lectures frivoles, Et tout homme frivole, ou faible, ou ignorant qui osera le lire et le méditer, sera peut-être étonné d'être changé en un autre homme.—*Preface to the Eloge et Pensées de Pascal, 1778.*

EPIDEMICS OF THE MIND.—"L'esprit est sujet aux maladies épidémiques tout, comme le corps; il n'y a qu'à commencer sous de favorables auspices, et lorsque la matière est bien préparée. La différence qu'il y a entre ces maladies et la peste, ou la petite vérole, c'est que celles-ci sont incomparablement plus fréquentes."—Bayle, *under the word Abdere.*

REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.—I have heard of great and sudden cures in far gone consumptions, from effect of a very simple remedy. A pint to a quart a day of coffee, made with milk instead of water, and taken at pleasure like other coffee. Surprising changes have been wrought in a fortnight by this humble recipe.—*Aaron Hill.*

Those whose whole training, present as well as past, absorbs their attention in interpreting and applying law as they find it, very seldom exhibit that enlarged freedom of mind which is necessary for law making.—*Spectator.*

SIGNIFICATION OF THE TERM PLAGUE.—The very name of the Plague, *Deber* in Hebrew, sheweth there is a *reason*, there is a *cause* why it cometh. And the English word *Plague*, coming from the Latin word *Plaga*, which is properly a *stroke*, necessarily inferreth a *cause*.—*Bishop Andrews.*

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.—A German offers for sale instruments "for indicating persons' thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity." The price of the instrument is two guineas.

WALPOLE AND MACAULAY.—That well-known and beautiful conception of the New Zealander in some future age sitting on the ruins of Westminster-bridge, and looking where London stood, may have been first suggested by a thought in one of Walpole's lively letters to Sir H. Mann: "At last some curious native of Lima will visit London and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's."—From *Notes and Queries.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

MORMONISM.

1. * *Patriarchal Order, or Plurality of Wives.* By ORSON SPENCER, Chancellor of the University of Deseret. Liverpool: 1853.
2. *The Seer.* Edited by ORSON PRATT. Vol. 1. From January 1853 to December 1853. Washington: 1853.
3. *Reports of the Scandinavian, Italian, and Prussian Missions of the Latter Day Saints.* Liverpool: 1853.
4. *Millennial Star* [the Weekly Organ of Mormonism], vols. XIV. and XV., from January 1852 to December 1853. Liverpool: 1852 and 1853.
5. *History of the Mormons.* By Lieutenant GUNNISON. Philadelphia: 1852.
6. *Survey of Utah.* By Captain STANSBURY. Philadelphia: 1852.
6. *The Mormons.* Illustrated by Forty Engravings. London: 1852.
8. *Letters on the Doctrines.* By O. SPENCER. London: 1852.
9. *Hymns of Latter Day Saints.* London: 1851.
10. *The Mormons.* By THOMAS KANE. Philadelphia: 1850.
11. *A Bill to establish a Territorial Government for Utah.* Washington: 1850.
12. *Exposé of Mormonism.* By JOHN BENNETT. Boston: 1842.
13. *Doctrines and Covenants of Latter Day Saints.* Nauvoo: 1846.
14. *The Book of Mormon.* Palmyra: 1830.

THE readers of Southey's "Doctor" must remember the quaint passage in which he affects to predict that his book will become the Scripture of a future Faith; that it will be "dug up among the ruins of London, and considered as one of the sacred books of the sacred island of the West; and give birth to a new religion, called *Dover*, or *Danielism*, which may have its chapels, churches, cathedrals, abbays; its synods, consistories, convocations, and councils; its acolytes, sacristans, deacons, priests, prebendaries, canons, deans, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and popes. Its *High-Dovers* and *Low-Dovers*, its *Danielites* of a thousand unimagined and unimaginable denominations; its schisms, heresies, seditions, persecutions, and wars." Many must have felt, when they read this grotesque extravaganza, that it almost overstepped the boundary which separates fun from nonsense. Yet its wild imagination has been more than realized by

recent facts. While Southey was writing it at Keswick, a manuscript was lying neglected on the dusty shelves of a farmhouse in New England, which was fated to attain more than the honors which he playfully imagines as the future portion of his "Daniel Dove."

The book destined to so singular an apotheosis, was the production of one Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian preacher in America; of whose history we only know that, like so many others of his class and country, he had abandoned theology for trade, and had subsequently failed in business. Nor can we wonder, judging from the only extant specimen of his talents, that he should have been thus unfortunate both in the pulpit and at the counter. After his double failure the luckless man, who imagined (according to his widow's statement) that he had "a literary taste," thought to redeem his shattered fortunes by the composition of an historical romance. The subject which he chose was the history of the North American Indians; and the work which he produced was a chronicle of their wars and migrations. They were described as descendants of the patriarch Joseph, and their fortunes were traced for upwards of a thousand years, from the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah, down to the fifth century of the Christian era. This narrative purported to be a record buried in the earth by Mormon, its last compiler, and was entitled "The Manuscript Found." A manuscript, indeed, it seemed likely to remain. Its author vainly endeavored to persuade the booksellers to undertake the risk of its publication. Nor does their refusal surprise us; for we do not remember, among all the ponderous folios which human dulness has produced, any other book of such unmitigated stupidity. It seems inconceivable how any man could patiently sit down, day after day, to weary himself with writing sheet after sheet of such sleep-compelling nonsense. Its length is interminable, amounting to above five hundred closely printed octavo pages. Yet, from the first to the last, though professing to be composed by different authors, under various circumstances, during a period of a thousand years, it is perfectly uniform in style, and maintains the dryness without the brevity of a chronological table. Not a spark of imagination or invention enlivens the weary sameness of the annalist; no incidental pictures of life or manners give color or relief to the narrative. The only thing which breaks the prosaic monotony is the insertion of occasional passages from Scripture; and these are so clumsily brought in, that they would seem purposely introduced to show by contrast the worthlessness of the foil in which they are embedded. Nor is dulness the only literary offence committed by the writer of the book of Mormon.

* To save time and space we shall refer to these works as follows: to (1.) as *P. O.*; to (2.) as *Seer*; to (4.) as *XIV.* or *XV.*; to (5.) as *G.*; to (6.) as *S.*; to (7.) as *M. Illud.*; to (8.) as *Spencer*; to (9.) as *Hymns*; to (10.) as *Kane*; to (13.) as *D. C.*; and to (14.) as *Mormon*.

It is impossible to read three pages of it without stumbling on some gross violation of grammar, such as the following:—"O ye wicked ones, hide thee in the dust." "It all were vain." "We had somewhat contentions." "I should have wore these bands." "Why persecuteth thou the Church." "He has fell." "The promises hath been." "Our sufferings doth exceed." "All things which is expedient." These blunders are so uniformly interspersed throughout the work, that they must be ascribed to its author, and not (as they have sometimes been,) to a subsequent interpolator. Yet this worthless book, which its writer could not even get printed in his lifetime, is now stereotyped in the chief languages of Europe, and is regarded by proselytes in every quarter of the globe as a revelation from heaven.

This extraordinary change of fortune was brought about by the successful roguery of a young American named Joseph Smith, the son of a small farmer in Vermont. From an early age this youth had amused himself by practising on the credulity of his simpler neighbors. When he was a boy of fourteen, there occurred in the town of Palmyra, where he then lived, one of those periods of religious excitement which are called in America *Revivals*. The fervor and enthusiasm which attends these occurrences often produce good effects. Many excellent men have traced the sincere piety which has distinguished them through life, to such an origin. But there is a danger that the genuine enthusiasm of some should provoke hypocrisy in others. So it happened on this occasion at Palmyra. Half the inhabitants were absorbed in the most animated discussion of their deepest religious feelings. Any extraordinary "experience" was sure to attract the eagerest interest. Under these circumstances, young Joseph amused himself by falling in with the prevailing current, and fixing the attention of his pious friends upon himself, by an "experience" more wonderful than any of theirs. He gave out that while engaged in fervent prayer, he had been favored with a miraculous vision. "I saw," says he, "a pillar of light above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me

in the air." He goes on in his "Autobiography" (from which we quote) to say that these heavenly messengers declared all existing Christian sects in error, and forbade him to join any of them. This statement, however, was no doubt an afterthought. At the time he probably only proclaimed that his "deliverance from the enemy" had been effected by a supernatural appearance.

Such precocious hypocrisy, however painful, is no extraordinary phenomenon. Probably every outburst of kindred excitement develops some familiar instance of childish imposture. Examples will occur to those who are familiar with the early history of Methodism. And we remember lately to have seen a narrative published by a believer in the "Irvingite" miracles, detailing a case where a boy of only seven years old pretended to inspiration, and kept up the farce for many weeks, duping all the while his infatuated parents, and having the impudence seriously to rebuke his old grandfather for unbelief. Children are flattered by the notice which they excite by such pretensions; and, if the credulity of their elders gives them encouragement, are easily tempted to go on from lie to lie. For there is, perhaps, no period of life more sensible than childhood to the delights of notoriety.

It was, probably, only a desire for this kind of distinction which originally led Joseph Smith to invent his vision. At first, however, he did not meet with the success which he expected. On the contrary, he complains that the story "had excited a great deal of prejudice against him among professors of religion," and that it drew "persecution" upon him. We may suppose that his character for mendacity was already so well known in his own neighborhood as to discredit his assertions. At all events, he seems thenceforward to have laid aside, till a later period, the part of a religious impostor, and to have betaken himself to less impious methods of cheating. For some years he led a vagabond life, about which little is known, except that he was called "Joe Smith the Money-digger," and that he swindled several simpletons by his pretended skill in the divining-rod. In short, he was a Yankee *Doustersuivel*. Among the shrewd New Englanders one would have thought such pretensions unlikely to be profitable. But it seems there were legends current of the buried wealth of bucaniers, and Dutch farmers possessing the requisite amount of gullibility; and on this capital our hero traded.

His gains, however, were but small; and he was struggling with poverty, when at last he lighted on a vein of genuine metal, which, during the remainder of his life, he continued to work with ever-growing profit. This was no other than the rejected and forgotten man-

* This hypothesis has been resorted to because people cannot understand how an educated teacher of religion should be capable of such blunders. But in America the literary qualifications for ordination are necessarily reduced to a minimum. In our researches among the Mormonite authors, we have found several examples of *ci-devant* "Ministers," who not merely write bad grammar, but cannot even spell.

uscript of poor Solomon Spalding, which had either been purloined by Smith's associate, Sidney Rigdon (who had been employed in a printing office where it was once deposited), or had been stolen out of the trunk of Mrs. Spalding, who lived about this time in the neighborhood of Smith's father. In one way or another it fell into Joseph's hands about twelve years after its author's death. The manuscript, as we have said, purported to have been buried by Mormon, its original compiler.* This easily suggested to the imagination of Smith, already full of treasure-trove, the notion of pretending that he had dug it up. At first, however, he seems to have intended nothing more than to hoax the members of his own family. He told them that an angel had revealed to him a bundle of golden plates, engraved with mysterious characters, but had forbidden him to show them to others. His hearers (to his surprise, apparently) seemed inclined to believe his story; and he remarked to a neighbor (whose deposition is published), that he "had fixed the fools, and would have some fun." But it soon occurred to him that his fabrication might furnish what he valued more than "fun." He improved upon his first story of the discovery by adding that the angel had also shown him, together with the plates, "two stones in silver bows, fastened to a breast-plate, which constituted what is called *Urim and Thummin*. . . . The possession and use of which constituted *Seers* in ancient times, and God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book." (*Smith's Autobiography*, XIV.) Furnished with this mysterious apparatus, he was commanded to translate and publish these divine records. He might reasonably expect that the publication of Spalding's Manuscript, garnished with this miraculous story, would prove a profitable speculation: just as the unsalable reams of "Drelin-court on Death" were transmuted into a lucrative copyright by the ghost-story of De Foe. On the strength of these expectations he obtained advances of money from a farmer named Martin Harris.† Concerning this man, as

concerning most of the early associates of Smith, we must remain in doubt whether he were a dupe or an accomplice. His cupidity was interested in the success of the "Book of Mormon," and therefore he may be suspected of deceit. On the other hand, he did not reap the profit he expected from the publication, which, as a bookselling speculation, was at first unsuccessful; and he was ruined by the advances he had made. Ultimately, he renounced his faith (real or pretended) in Joseph, who, in revenge, abused him in the newspapers as "a white-skinned negro," and a "lackey." (*M. Illust.* 34.) This looks as if he had been a dupe, and not in possession of any dangerous secrets. It is certain that he consulted Professor Anthon at New York on the subject of the mysterious plates; and that he showed the Professor a specimen of the engravings, which Mr. Anthon describes as "evidently prepared by some one who had before him a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, etc., the whole ending in a rude delineation of a circle decked with strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican Calendar given by Humboldt."* Harris also stated his intention of selling his farm to provide funds for the translation and publication of these plates. The Professor vainly remonstrated, regarding him as the victim of roguery. Not long after, early in 1830, the Book of Mormon was published, and Harris was employed in hawking it about for sale. He also signed a certificate, which is prefixed to the book, wherein he joins with two other witnesses in testifying the authenticity of the revelation, as follows:—

"We declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes [*sic*] that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon."

Eight other witnesses also testify that they had seen the plates, but without the angel. If we are not to consider all these as accomplices in the fraud, we must suppose that Smith had got some brass plates made, and had scratched them over with figures. No one else was allowed to see them; and Joseph informs us, that after he had "accomplished by them what was required at his hand," . . . "according to arrangements, the messenger called for them, and he [*the angel*] has them in his charge until this day." (*Autob. XIV.*)

Although the sale of the "Book of Mormon" did not originally repay the cost of publication, yet it made a few converts. It was very soon "revealed" that these proselytes

* The proofs that the "Book of Mormon," published by Smith, is identical with Spalding's "Manuscript Found," are conclusive. The identity is asserted in the depositions of Spalding's widow, of Spalding's brother, and of Spalding's partner, Henry Lake, the two latter of whom swear to their acquaintance with Spalding's manuscript. (*See Bennett*, 115.)

† "Our translation drawing to a close," says Smith, "we went to Palmyra, secured the copyright, and agreed with Mr. Grandon to print 5000 copies for the sum of 3000 dollars." (*Autob. XIV.*) This sum was supplied by Harris, in accordance with a "revelation" delivered in March, 1830, as follows:—"I command thee that thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the 'Book of Mormon.' . . . Impart a portion of thy property, yea, even part of thy lauds

Pay the debt thou hast contracted with the printer." (*D. C. sec. 44.*)

* Mr. Anthon's letter to Mr. Howe, Feb. 17, 1834.

were bound to consecrate their property to the support of Joseph. Thus we find in a revelation of February, 1831:—"It is meet that my servant, Joseph Smith, Junior, should have a house built in which to live and translate." (*D. C.* sec. 13.) And again:—"If ye desire the mysteries of my kingdom, provide for him food and raiment, and whatsoever thing he needeth." (*D. C.* sec. 14.) And his love for idleness was gratified by a revelation which commanded it:—"In temporal labors thou shalt 'not have strength, for that is not thy calling.'" (*D. C.* sec. 9.) A singular announcement to be made by a prophet who soon after became the manager of a Bank, partner in a commercial house, Mayor of Nauvoo, General of Militia, and a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

We see, however, from these revelations (which were all given within twelve months from the publication of the book) that the imposture had already expanded beyond its original dimensions in the mind of its author. At first, he only claims to have miraculously discovered a sacred record, but does not himself pretend to inspiration. Soon, however, he proclaims that he is a prophet divinely commissioned to introduce a new dispensation of religion. And in April, 1830, he receives a revelation establishing him in that character, and commanding the "Church" to "give heed unto all his words and commandments." (*D. C.* sec. 46.) At the same time, it is announced that all existing sects are in sinful error; and their members are required to seek admittance by baptism into the new church of Joseph Smith. In accordance with this revelation, he proceeded to "organize the Church of Latter Day Saints." He and his earliest accomplice, Cowdery, baptized one another; and in the course of a month they baptized twenty or thirty other persons, including Smith's father and two brothers, who, from the first, took a profitable share in the imposture.

In the same year, the new sect was openly joined by one of its most important members, Sidney Rigdon, who had perhaps been previously leagued with Smith in secret.* This man had been successively a printer and a preacher; and in the latter capacity, he had belonged to several denominations. It is but too evident, from the impure practices of which he was afterwards convicted at Nauvoo, that he was influenced by none but the most sordid motives in allying himself to the Mormons. He was one of those adventurers, not uncommon in America, who are preachers this year and publicans the next, hiring alternately a tabernacle or a tavern. In point of education, however, Rigdon, though far from learn-

ed, was superior to his vulgar and ignorant associates. It was therefore revealed that he should take the literary business of the new partnership. (*D. C.* sec. 11.) Accordingly, the earlier portion of the "Doctrines and Covenants" (the Mormonite New Testament) was composed by him; and he thus became the theological founder of the sect, so far as it had at that time any distinctive creed. For the "Book of Mormon" itself contains no novel dogmas, nor any statements which would be considered heretical by the majority of Protestants, except the condemnation of infant baptism, and the assertion of the perpetuity of miraculous gifts.* Smith had apparently left the work of Spalding unaltered, except by interpolating a few words on this latter subject, which were necessary to support his own supernatural stories. But Rigdon encouraged him to take a bolder flight. He announced the materialistic doctrines which have since been characteristic of the Sect; he departed from the orthodox Trinitarianism which had been adopted in the "Book of Mormon;"† and to him may be probably attributed the introduction of baptism for the dead. Moreover, under his influence the constitution of the Mormonite Church was remodelled. Joseph had begun by adopting the ordinary Presbyterian divisions; but now a more complex organization was introduced, and it was revealed that the true Church must necessarily possess all those officers who existed in the primitive epoch—Apostles, Prophets, Patriarchs, Evangelists, Elders, Deacons, Pastors, Teachers; besides a twofold hierarchy of Priests, called by the respective names of Aaron and of Melchisedek. The object of this change was to give an official position to every active and serviceable adherent, and to establish a compact subordination throughout the whole body; an object in which no religious society except that of the Jesuits has more completely succeeded.

While rendering such services to his new associates, Rigdon did not neglect his private interests. He immediately obtained the second place in rank; and after a short time he compelled his accomplice to receive a revelation which raised him to equality with the Prophet. (*D. C.* sec. 85.) He was thus enabled to claim his fair share in the spoil of dupes whom he so largely contributed to deceive.

Under these new auspices the Sect made rapid progress. But while Joseph continued

* It is a curious fact that the English *Irvingites*, who also hold the latter doctrine, sent a deputation with a letter, not long after the publication of the "Book of Mormon," to express their sympathy with Joseph Smith. The letter professes to emanate from "a Council of Pastors." (*XV.* 260.)

† "Q. How many personages are there in the Godhead?—Ans. "Two." (*D. C.* p. 47.)

* I. e. if we suppose that Rigdon was the person who had conveyed Spalding's MS. to Smith.

in the district where his youth was spent, there were many stumbling-blocks in his path. The indignation of his neighbors was naturally roused by the successful frauds of a man whom they had despised as a cheat and liar from his cradle. He vainly endeavored to disarm such feelings, by candidly avowing his past iniquities; those who had known him from boyhood were not easily persuaded to believe in his repentance. And since, in America, there is but a short step from popular anger to popular violence, it was his obvious policy to withdraw before the storm should burst. Rigdon had already made numerous converts in Kirtland, a town of Ohio; and a nucleus was thus formed to which new proselytes might be gathered in sufficient numbers to defend their masters and themselves. Hither, therefore, Joseph removed, early in 1831. But though Kirtland was for some years the centre of his operations, yet he never intended to make it his permanent abode. He already perceived, that to avail himself fully of the advantage of his position, he must assemble his disciples in a commonwealth of their own, where no unbeliever should intrude to dispute his supremacy. This was impossible in the older States of the Union, but it appeared quite practicable on the Western frontier. There land could be bought for next to nothing, in a territory almost uninhabited; and it might be reasonably presumed that a few thousand converts once established, and constantly reinforced by the influx of new proselytes, might maintain themselves against any attack which was likely to be made upon them. Acting on these views, Smith and Rigdon, after a tour of inspection, selected a site on the borders of the wilderness, which was recommended by richness of soil and facilities of water carriage. Joseph immediately put forth a string of revelations, which declared that "Zion" was in Jackson County, Missouri, and commanded all the "Saints" to purchase land at the sacred spot, and hasten to take possession of their inheritance. (*D. C.* sec. 66. to sec. 73.)

Within a few months no less than twelve hundred had obeyed the call, and employed themselves with all the energy of American backwoodsmen in cultivating the soil of the new Jerusalem. These converts were mostly from the Eastern States, and seemed to have been, in habits and character, superior to the common run of squatters. Colonel Kane, who visited them at a later period, contrasts them favorably as "persons of refined and cleanly habits and decent language" with the other "border inhabitants of Missouri—the vile scum which our society, like the great ocean, washes upon its frontier shores." They seem to have consisted principally of small farmers, together with such tradesmen and

mechanics as are required by an agricultural colony. Nor were they without considerable shrewdness and intelligence in secular matters, however inconsistent we may think their credulity with common sense. By their axes and their ploughs, the forest soon was turned into a fruitful field; their meadows were filled with kine, and their barns with sheaves. Unfortunately for themselves, they did not unite prudence with their industry. They were too enthusiastically certain of their triumph, to temporize or conciliate. Their prophet had declared that Zion should be established, and should put down her enemies under her feet. Why, then, should they hesitate to proclaim their anticipations? They boasted openly that they should soon possess the whole country, and that the unbelievers should be rooted out from the land. These boasts excited the greatest indignation, not unaccompanied by some fear; for the old settlers saw the number of their new neighbors increasing weekly, and knew that their compact organization gave them a power more than proportionate to their numerical strength. Legally, however, there were no means of preventing these strangers from accomplishing their intentions. For every citizen of the Union had an undoubted right to buy land in Jackson County, and to believe that Joseph Smith, Junior, was a prophet. But in America, when the members of a local majority have made up their minds that a certain course is agreeable to their interests or their passions, the fact that it is illegal seldom prevents its adoption. The Jacksonians knew that they had at present a majority over Mormonites, and they resolved to avail themselves of this advantage before it was too late, lest, in their turn, they should be outnumbered, and thereby be liable to those pains and penalties which are the portion of a minority in the Great Republic. The citizens of the county therefore convened a public meeting, wherein they agreed upon the following (among other) resolutions:—

"That no Mormon shall in future move and settle in this country.

That those now here who shall give a pledge within a reasonable time to remove out of the country, shall be allowed to remain unmolested until they have sufficient time to sell their property.

That the editor of 'The Star,' (the Mormon paper) be required forthwith to discontinue the business of printing in this county.

That those who fail to comply with these requisitions, be referred to their brethren who have the gifts of divination and unknown tongues to inform them of the lot that awaits them."

These resolutions were at once communicated to the Mormon leaders; but, as they did not immediately submit, the meeting unani-

mously resolved to raze to the ground the office of the obnoxious newspaper. This resolution was forthwith carried into effect, and the Mormon "Bishop" (a creature of Smith's, who presided in his absence), was tarred and feathered,—an appropriate punishment enough, which had also been administered to his master, not long before, by a mob in Ohio.

Notwithstanding these hostile demonstrations, the Mormons could not bring themselves to leave their newly-purchased lands without resistance. They appealed to the legal tribunals for redress, and organized a militia, which maintained for some time a guerrilla warfare against their antagonists. At length, however, they were overpowered by numbers, and abandoned their beloved Zion. But most of them found refuge in the adjoining counties, where they gradually acquired fresh property, and continued for four years in tranquillity.

Meanwhile their prophet had remained snugly established at Kirtland, which he wisely judged a more desirable home than the wild land of Zion, till the latter should be comfortably colonized by his adherents. Hence he sent out his "apostles" and "elders" in all directions to make proselytes, which they continued to do with great success. The first duty imposed on all converts was the payment of tithing to the "Church." (D. C. sec. 107.) And those who received the commands of Joseph as the voice of God, did not hesitate to furnish this conclusive proof of the reality of their faith. On the strength of the capital thus placed at his disposal, Smith established at Kirtland a mercantile house and a bank. We find from his autobiography, that the whole Smith family were at liberty to draw without stint from their common stock; and their ill-gotten gains were squandered as recklessly as might have been expected. Embarrassment ensued, and several revelations called upon the saints for money to prop the Prophet's credit.* At length the crash came. The firm failed, the bank stopped payment, and the managers were threatened with a prosecution for swindling. To escape the sheriff's writ, Smith and Rigdon were obliged to fly by night; and they took refuge among their followers in Missouri.

This occurred in the autumn of 1837, four years after the expulsion of the saints from Zion. That expulsion had painfully falsified the prophecies of Smith, who had so completely committed himself to the successful establishment of his people in the spot which he had first chosen, that he did not acquiesce in their abandonment of it without a struggle. In

February, 1834, soon after their ejection, he had promised their immediate restoration in the following revelation:—

Verily I say unto you, I have decreed that your brethren which have been scattered shall return . . . Behold the redemption of Zion must needs come by power. Therefore I will raise up unto my people a man who shall lead them like as Moses led the children of Israel . . . Verily I say unto you that my servant Baurak Ale is the man . . . Therefore let my servant Baurak Ale say unto the strength of my house, my young men and the middle aged, gather yourselves together unto the land of Zion . . . And let all the churches send up wise men with their monies, and purchase lands as I have commanded them. And, inasmuch as mine enemies come against you, to drive you from my goodly land which I have consecrated to be the land of Zion, . . . ye shall curse them; and whomsoever ye curse I will curse. . . . It is my will that my servant Parley Pratt, and my servant Lyman Wight, should not return until they have obtained companies to go up unto the land of Zion, by tens, or by twenties, or by fifties, or by an hundred, until they have obtained to the number of five hundred, of the strength of my house. Behold this is my will; but men do not always do my will; therefore, if you cannot obtain five hundred, seek diligently that peradventure you may obtain three hundred, and if ye cannot obtain three hundred, seek diligently that peradventure ye may obtain one hundred. (D. C. sec. 101.)

By such efforts a volunteer force of 150 men had been raised, and had marched from Kirtland in June 1834, to reinstate the saints in their inheritance.* Joseph also, who, to do him justice, seems not to have lacked physical courage, had marched at their head; though why he superseded "Baurak Ale," the divinely-appointed Moses of the host, we are not informed. The little force had safely reached their brethren in Missouri; but the Prophet, finding they were not strong enough to effect their purpose, had disbanded them without fighting, and had himself returned to Kirtland, where he had remained till the commercial crisis which we have just mentioned.

When thus finally driven to take refuge among his followers, Smith found them in a very critical position. Four years had passed since their expulsion from Zion, and they had established themselves in greater numbers than before, in the countries bordering on that whence they had been driven. They had cultivated the soil with perseverance and success, were daily increasing in wealth, and had built two towns (or cities, as they called them) *Diakman* and *Far-west*. But their prudence had not grown with their prosperity. They thought themselves a match for their enemies, and fearlessly provoked them by re-

* See "Smith's Autobiography," under date of March, 1834.

* See M. Star, XV. 69. 205.

peating their former boasts. The Prophet's arrival added fuel to the flame. The disgraceful failure of his prophecies still rankled in his mind. He declared publicly among his disciples, that "he would yet tread down his enemies, and trample on their dead bodies;" and that, "like Mohammed, whose motto was *the Koran or the sword*, so "should it be eventually, *Joseph Smith or the sword*."* These and similar facts were disclosed to the Missourians by apostate Mormons, and excited great exasperation. At length a collision occurred at a county election, and open warfare began. For some weeks the contest was maintained on equal terms, and both parties burnt and destroyed the property of their antagonists with no decisive result. But, finally, the Governor of Missouri called out the militia of the State, nominally, to enforce order, but really to exterminate the Mormons. They were unable to resist the overwhelming force brought against them, and surrendered almost at discretion, as appears from the following terms which they accepted: First, To deliver up their leaders for trial; secondly, To lay down their arms; thirdly, To sign over their properties, as an indemnity for the expenses of the war; and lastly, To leave the State forthwith. The spirit in which this last condition was enforced will appear from the conclusion of an address delivered to the Mormons by General Clark, the commander of the hostile forces:—

Another thing yet remains for you to comply with—that you leave the State forthwith. Whatever your feelings concerning this affair; whatever your innocence; it is nothing to me. The orders of the governor to me were that you should be *exterminated*; and had your leader been given up, and the treaty complied with, *before this you and your families would have been destroyed, and your houses in ashes.*

The result of this contest seemed likely to be fatal to the Prophet, who was given up to the State authorities, to be tried on charges of treason, murder, and felony, arising out of the war. But he contrived to escape from his guards, and thus avoided, for the time, the justice of a border jury. He fled to Illinois, where he found the remnant of his persecuted proselytes, who had been compelled to cross the bleak prairies, exposed to the snowstorms of November, with no other shelter than their waggons for sick and wounded, women and children. 12,000 of these exiles crossed the

Mississippi, which separates the States of Missouri and Illinois. By the citizens of the latter they were received with compassionate hospitality, and relieved with gifts of food and clothing.

In a wonderfully short time the sect displayed once more its inherent vitality, and that strength which springs from firm union and voluntary obedience. Soon its numbers were increased by the arrival of proselytes to 15,000 souls. For the third time they gathered themselves together in a new settlement, and built the town of Nauvoo in a strong position on the banks of the Mississippi, which nearly surrounds the peninsula selected for their capital. In eighteen months the city contained 2,000 houses. The prairies were changed into corn-fields, the hills covered with flocks and herds, and steamers landed merchandise and colonists upon wharves which had superseded the aboriginal marsh. Here the Mormonites seemed at last securely established in a commonwealth of their own, and Joseph was permitted, for five years, to enjoy the rich fruits of his imposture undisturbed. The wealth at his disposal was continually increasing, both from the tithing of his old converts (which augmented with their growing property), and from the contributions of new proselytes. These were now flowing in, not only from the United States, but even from Europe. In 1837, a mission had been sent to England, and the Mormon apostles baptized 10,000 British subjects before the Prophet's death. New revelations summoned all these converts to Nauvoo, bringing with them "their gold, their silver, and their precious stones." (*D. C. sec. 103.*) A mansion house was begun, where the Prophet and his family were to be lodged and maintained at the public cost. "Let it be built in my name, and let my servant Joseph Smith and his house have place therein from generation to generation, saith the Lord; and let the name of the house be called the Nauvoo House, and let it be a delightful habitation for man." (*D. C. sec. 103.*) But, while thus providing for his own comfort, Joseph was careful to divert the attention of his followers from his private gains by a public object of expenditure, which might seem to absorb the revenues under his charge. As he had before done at Kirtland, so now at Nauvoo he began the building of a temple. But this was to be on a far grander scale than the former edifice, and was to be consecrated by the most awful ceremonies. For here alone (so it was revealed) could the rite of baptism for the dead be efficaciously perform. (*D. C. sec. 103.*) The foundation of this temple was laid with military and civil pomp early in 1841.

Meanwhile the State of Illinois had granted a charter of incorporation to the city of Nau-

* The above statements are in an affidavit (given in "Mormonism Illustrated") made in Oct. 1838, and countersigned by Orson Hyde, who is now the chairman of the Apostolic College. Whether he was then a renegade, who has since repented; or whether he made these confessions under compulsion, we have no information.

voo, and Joseph Smith was elected Mayor. Moreover, the citizens capable of bearing arms were formed into a well-organized militia, to which weapons were supplied by the State. This body of troops, which was called the *Nauvoo Legion*, was perpetually drilled by the Prophet, who had been appointed its commander, and who thenceforward adopted the style and title of "General Smith." On all public occasions it was his delight to appear on horseback in full uniform at the head of his little army, which consisted of about 4,000 men,* and was in a state of great efficiency. An officer who saw it reviewed in 1842, says of it, "Its evolutions would do honor to any body of armed militia in the States, and approximate very closely to our regular forces." (*M. Illust.* 115.) The "Inspector-General" of the legion was a General Bennett, who had served in the United States army. His correspondence with Joseph is one of the most curious illustrations of the Prophet's character. Bennett offers his services in a letter wherein he avows entire disbelief in Smith's religious pretensions, but, at the same time, declares himself willing to assume the outward appearance of belief. He had gone so far as to submit to Mormon baptism, which he calls "a glorious frolic in the clear blue ocean, with your worthy friend Brigham Young."

Nothing of this kind (he adds,) would in the least attach me to your person and cause. I am capable of being a most undeviating friend, *without being governed by the smallest religious influence.* . . . I say, therefore, *go ahead.* You know, Mohammed had his *right hand man*. The celebrated T. Brown, of New York, is now engaged in cutting your head on a beautiful cornelian stone, as your private seal, which will be set in gold to your order, and sent to you. . . . Should I be compelled to announce in this quarter that I have no connection with the Nauvoo Legion, you will, of course, remain silent. . . . I may yet run for a high office in your State, when you would be sure of my best service in your behalf. Therefore a *known* connection with you would be against our mutual interest.

To this candid proposal Smith replied in a letter which affects to rebuke the scepticism of Bennett; but, so far was he from feeling any real indignation at the proposed partnership in imposture, that he consents to the request about the Legion, and accepts the offered bribe as follows:—

As to the private seal you mention, if sent to me I shall receive it with the gratitude of a servant of God, and pray that the donor may receive a reward in the resurrection of the just.

Every year now added to the wealth and population of Nauvoo, and consequently to

the security of its citizens and the glory of its Mayor. Smith's head was so far turned by his success, that in 1844 he offered himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the Union. Probably, however, this proceeding was only meant as a bravado. In Nauvoo itself he reigned supreme, and opposition was put down by the most summary proceedings. The contributions of his votaries and the zeal of their obedience, fed fat his appetite for riches and power. Nor was he restrained from the indulgence of more sensual passions, which ease and indolence had bred. In July 1843, he received a revelation authorizing him, and all those whom he should license, to take an unlimited number of wives.* This document is too long to quote in full, but the manner in which it silences the remonstrances of Smith's wife is too curious to be omitted:—

Let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those who have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me. . . . Therefore it shall be lawful in me if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I the Lord his God will give him. . . . And he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according unto the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife.

On this revelation Smith and his chief adherents proceeded to act. But they at first concealed the innovation under a profound mystery; and during ten years it was only communicated privately to the initiated, and its very existence continued unknown to the majority of the sect. Not many months have yet passed since the Mormon leaders have decided on a bolder policy, and have publicly avowed this portion of their system. Their present audacity, indeed, is more strange than their former reserve; considering that the consequences of the original invention of this new code of morals were fatal to the Prophet, and disastrous to the Church. For, though the revelation was concealed, the practices which it sanctioned were not easily hidden, especially when some months of impunity had given boldness to the perpetrators. Several women whom Joseph and his "apostles" had endeavored to seduce, declined their proposals, and disclosed them to their relatives. These circumstances roused into activity a latent spirit of resistance which had for some time been secretly gathering force. The malcontents now ventured to establish an opposition paper, called the "Expositor;" and published, in its first number, the affidavits of sixteen women, who alleged that Smith, Rigdon, Young, and others, had invited them to enter into a secret and illicit connection, under the title of *spiritual*

* Spencer, p. 237.

* This revelation is printed in full in "M. Star," XV. p. 5.

marriage. This open and dangerous rebellion was put down forthwith, by the application of physical force. Joseph Smith ordered a body of his disciples to "abate the nuisance;" and they razed the office of the "Expositor" to the ground. The proprietors fled for their lives, and, when they reached a place of safety, sued out a writ from the legal authorities of Illinois, against Joseph and Hiram Smith, as abettors of the riot. The execution of the warrant was resisted by the people and troops of Nauvoo, under the Prophet's authority. On this, the governor of the state called out the militia to enforce the law, and required that the two brothers should be given up for trial. Joseph had now only the alternative of war or submission. But hostilities would have been hopeless, for his troops only amounted to 4,000 men, while the militia of the state numbered 80,000.* He therefore thought it the wiser course to surrender, especially as the governor pledged his honor for the personal safety of the prisoners. They were accordingly committed to the county gaol at Carthage. A small body of troops was left to defend the prison; but they proved either inadequate or indisposed to the performance of their duty.

The popular mind of Illinois was at this time strongly excited against the Mormons. The same causes which had led to their expulsion from Zion and from Missouri were again actively at work. Their rapid growth, and apparently invincible elasticity in rising under oppression, had roused even more than the former jealousy. It seemed probable that before long the influx of foreign proselytes might raise the Prophet to supremacy. Why not use the power which the circumstances of the moment placed in their hands, take summary vengeance on the impostor, and forever defeat the ambitious schemes of his adherents? Under the influence of such hopes and passions, a body of armed men was speedily collected, who overpowered the feeble guard, burst open the doors of the gaol, and fired their rifles upon the prisoners. A ball killed Hiram on the spot; when Joseph, who was armed with a revolver, after returning two shots attempted to escape by leaping the window; but he was stunned by his fall, and, while still in a state of insensibility, was picked up and shot by the mob outside the gaol. He died June 27th, 1844, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Thus perished this profligate and sordid knave, by a death too honorable for his deserts. In England he would have been sent to the treadmill for obtaining money on false pretences. In America he was treacherously murdered without a trial; and thus our contempt for the victim is changed into horror for his

executioners. The farce which he had played should not have been invested with a factitious dignity by a tragic end. Yet, when we consider the audacious blasphemies in which he had traded for so many years, and the awful guilt which he had incurred in making the voice of heaven pander to his own avarice and lust, we cannot deny that in his punishment the wrath of lawless men fulfilled the righteousness of God. Secure in the devotion of his armed disciples, and at an age when he could still look forward to a long life of fraud, luxury, and ambition, he had exclaimed: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But the sentence had gone forth against him: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

To call such a man a martyr is an abuse of language which we regret to find in a writer so intelligent as Mr. Mayhew. A martyr is one who refuses to save his life by renouncing his faith. Joseph Smith never had such an option given him. We doubt not that if he could have escaped from the rifles of his murderers by confessing his imposture, he would have done so without hesitation; and would, the next day, have received a revelation, directing the faithful to seek safety in recantation when threatened by the Gentiles. But his enemies knew him too well to give him such an opportunity.

We must also protest against the attempt to represent this vulgar swindler as a sincere enthusiast. "There is much in his later career," says Mr. Mayhew, "which seems to prove that he really believed what he asserted—that he imagined himself the inspired of heaven . . . and the companion of angels." The reason given for this charitable hypothesis is, that "Joseph Smith, in consequence of his pretensions to be a seer and prophet, lived a life of continual misery and persecution;" and that if he had not been supported by "faith in his own high pretensions and divine mission, he would have renounced his *unprofitable* and ungrateful task and sought refuge in private life and honorable industry." The answer to such representations is obvious: First, so far from Joseph's scheme being "unprofitable," it raised him from the depths of poverty to unbounded wealth. Secondly, he had from his earliest years shrunk from "honorable industry," and preferred fraud to work. Thirdly, so far from his having lived in "continual misery and persecution," he gained by his successful imposture the means of indulging every appetite and passion. During the fourteen years which intervened between his invention of Mormonism and his death, the only real persecution which he suffered was when his bankruptcy at Kirtland compelled him to share the fortunes of his followers in Missouri. And as to the risks

* Spencer, p. 236, 237. (Mr. Spencer was resident at the time in Nauvoo.)

of life and limb to which he was exposed, they were nothing to those which every soldier encounters for a shilling a-day.

It is inexplicable how any one who had ever looked at Joseph's portrait, could imagine him to have been by possibility an honest man. Never did we see a face on which the hand of Heaven had more legibly written—rascal. That self-complacent simper, that sensual mouth, that leer of vulgar cunning, tell us at one glance the character of their owner. Success, the criterion of fools, has caused many who ridicule his creed to magnify his intellect. Yet we can discover in his career no proof of conspicuous ability. Even the plan of his imposture was neither original nor ingenious. It may be said that, without great intellectual power, he could not have subjected so many thousands to his will, nor formed them into so flourishing a commonwealth. But it must be remembered that when subjects are firmly persuaded of the divinity of their sovereign, government becomes an easy task. Even with such advantages, Smith's administration was by no means successful. He was constantly involved in difficulties which better management would have avoided, and which the policy of his successor has overcome. We are inclined to believe that the sagacity shown in the construction of his ecclesiastical system belonged rather to his lieutenants than to himself; and that his chief, if not his only talent, was his gigantic impudence. This was the rock whereon he built his church; and his success proves how little ingenuity is needed to deceive mankind.

The men of Illinois imagined that the death of the false prophet would annihilate the sect; and the opinion was not unreasonable. For it seemed certain that there would be a contest among the lieutenants of Joseph for his vacant throne; and it was probable that the Church would thus be shattered into fragments mutually destructive. Such a contest, indeed, did actually occur; and four claimants—Sidney Rigdon, William Smith, Lyman Wight, and Brigham Young—disputed the allegiance of the faithful. But the latter was unanimously supported by the Apostolic College, of which he was chairman. This body was obeyed by the great majority of the inhabitants of Nauvoo; and a general Council of the Church, summoned about six weeks after Joseph's death excommunicated the other pretenders, and even ventured to "deliver over to Satan" the great Rigdon himself, although their Sacred Books declared him equal with the Prophet; who had, however, latterly shown a disposition to slight and humble him. The Mormons throughout the world acquiesced in this decision; and Brigham Young was established in the post of "Seer, Revelator, and President of the Latter Day Saints."

The first months of the new reign were tolerably peaceful. The enemies of Zion were satisfied with the fatal blow they had dealt; and the saints were suffered to gather the harvest of that year without disturbance. But in the following winter it became evident to the independent electors of Illinois that the sect, far from being destroyed, was becoming more formidable than ever. New emigrants still continued to pour into Nauvoo, and the temple was daily rising above the sacred hill in token of defiance. Exasperated by these visible proofs of their failure, the inhabitants of the nine adjoining counties met together, and formed an alliance for the extermination of their detested neighbors.

Henceforward it was evident that while the Mormons continued to inhabit Nauvoo, they must live in a perpetual state of siege, and till their fields with a plough in one hand and a rifle in the other. Moreover, experience had shown that elements of disunion existed even among themselves. So long as they were established in any of the settled States, they could not exclude unbelievers from among them. There must always be Gentile strangers who would intrude among the saints for lucre's sake, and form a nucleus around which disappointed or traitorous members might rally, and create internal conflict. This could only be avoided by the transplantation of the Mormon commonwealth beyond the reach of foreign contact. Actuated by these reasons, the leaders who met to deliberate on the steps demanded by the crisis, came to a decision which, adventurous as it seemed, has proved no less wise than bold. They resolved to migrate in a body, far beyond the boundaries of the United States, and to interpose a thousand miles of wilderness between themselves and the civilized world. In the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, the Alps of North America, they determined to seek that freedom, civil and religious, which was denied them by their countrymen. In a hymn composed for the occasion, they express this Phœcean resolution as follows:—

We'll burst off all our fetters, and break the
Gentile yoke,
For long it has beset us, but now it shall be
broke.
No more shall Jacob bow his neck;
Henceforth he shall be great and free
In Upper California.
Oh, that's the land for me!
Oh, that's the land for me!

(Hymns, 353.)

Their decision was announced to the saints throughout the world by a General Epistle, which bears date Jan. 20, 1846. It was also communicated to their hostile neighbors, who agreed to allow the Mormons time to sell their

property, on condition that they should leave Nauvoo before the ensuing summer. A pioneer party of sixteen hundred persons started before the conclusion of winter, in the hope of reaching their intended settlement in time to prepare a reception for the main body by the close of autumn. But the season was unusually cold, and their supply of food proved inadequate. Intense suffering brought on disease, which rapidly thinned their numbers. Yet the survivors pressed on undauntedly, and even provided for their friends who were to follow, by laying out farms in the wilderness, and planting them with grain. Thus they struggled onwards, from the Mississippi to the Missouri, on the banks of which they encamped, beyond the limits of the States, not far from the point of its junction with its great tributary, the Platte. They had resolved to settle in some part of the Californian territory, which then belonged to Mexico; and it happened that at this time the Mexican war having begun, the Government of the Union wished to march a body of troops into California, and invited the Mormon emigrants to furnish a body of five hundred volunteers for the service. This requisition is now represented by the Mormons as a new piece of persecution. Yet they complied with it at the time without hesitation, and five hundred of their number were thus conveyed across the continent at the expense of Government; and yet rejoined their brethren among the Rocky Mountains in the following summer, after having discovered the Californian gold diggings on their way. As no compulsion was exercised, it is evident that the Mormon leaders must have judged it expedient thus to diminish their numbers, which were at that time too great for their means of support. But it is admitted by Captain Stansbury (the officer employed by the United States in the survey of Utah) that the drain of this Mexican battalion prevented the remainder of the pioneers from reaching the mountains that season. They, therefore, formed an encampment on the banks of the Missouri, where they were joined in the course of the summer and autumn by successive parties from Nauvoo. Meanwhile, those who had remained in the city occupied themselves, during the precarious truce which they enjoyed, in finishing their temple. This building, the completion of which had been invested with a mysterious importance by the revelations of their prophet, was a huge and ugly pile of limestone, strongly resembling Bloomsbury Church. But as it was far superior in architectural pretensions to any of the meeting-houses in the neighboring States, it was looked upon in the West as a miracle of art. The Mormon High Priests returned from their frontier camp to consecrate it on the day of its completion, in May, 1846.

The following sample of the consecration service will probably satisfy our readers:—

Ho, ho! for the Temple's completed,
The Lord hath a place for His head;
The priesthood in power now lightens
The way of the living and dead.
See, see! 'mid the world's dreadful splendors,
Christianity folly, and sword,
The Mormons, the diligent Mormons,
Have reared up this House to the Lord.
(*Hymns*, 333.)

This ceremony had a disastrous influence on the fortunes of the remaining citizens. "It was construed," says Colonel Kane, "to indicate an insincerity on the part of the Mormons as to their stipulated departure or at least a hope of return; and their foes set upon them with renewed bitterness. . . . A vindictive war was waged upon them, from which the weakest fled in scattered parties, leaving the rest to make a reluctant and almost ludicrously unavailing defence till the 17th of September, when 1625 troops entered Nauvoo, and drove forth all who had not retreated before that time."

Thus, once more, the lawless tyranny of a majority trampled down the rights of a minority. These instances of triumphant outrage, which have recurred so often in our narrative, are not only striking as pictures of American life, but may also furnish an instructive warning to some among ourselves. They force upon us the conclusion that laws are not more willingly obeyed because made by universal suffrage. They teach us that in those communities where every man has an equal share in legislation, the ordinances of the legislature are treated with a contemptuous disregard, for which the history of other nations can furnish no precedent. The mob, knowing that they can enact laws when they please, infer that they may dispense with that formality at discretion, and accomplish their will directly, without the intermediate process of recording it in the statute-book. They can make the law, therefore they may break the law; as the barbarous Romans claimed the right of killing the sons they had begotten.

We must refer to Colonel Kane for a picturesque account of the appearance of Nauvoo after its desertion, and of the sufferings of its helpless citizens who were driven across the Mississippi by their foes. It was with pain and toil that these last unfortunate exiles reached the camp of their brethren. "Like the wounded birds of a flock fired into towards nightfall, they came straggling on with faltering steps, many of them without bag or baggage, all asking shelter or burial, and forcing a fresh repartition of the already divided rations of their friends." At last, towards the close of autumn, all these emigrants had rejoined the

main body in the valley of the Missouri. And there they prepared to meet the severity of winter, in the depth of an Indian wilderness. The stronger members of the party had employed the summer in cutting and storing hay for the cattle, and in laying up such supplies of food as they could obtain. But these labors had been interrupted by a destructive fever, bred by the pestilential vapors of the marshy plain, which decimated their numbers. When winter came upon them they were but ill-prepared to meet it. For want of other shelter, they were fain to dig caves in the ground, and huddle together there for warmth. Many of the cattle died of starvation, and the same fate was hardly escaped by the emaciated owners.

At length the spring came to relieve their wretchedness. Out of twenty thousand Mormons who had formed the population of Nauvoo and its environs, little more than three thousand were now assembled on the Missouri. Of the rest, many had perished miserably, and many had dispersed in search of employment, to await a more convenient season for joining friends. The hardiest of the saints who still adhered to the camp of Israel, were now organized into a company of pioneers: and they set out, to the number of 143 men, up the valley of the Platte, to seek a home among the Rocky Mountains. They carried rations for six months, agricultural implements, and seed grain, and were accompanied by the President and his chief counsellors. After a three month's journey they reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake, on the 21st of July. And here they determined to bring their wanderings to a close, and to establish a "Stake of Zion."* But they had small time to rest from their fatigues. Immediately on their arrival a fort was erected to secure them against the Indians, with log houses opening upon a square, into which they drove their cattle at night. "In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted." (G. 134.) Before the autumn they were rejoined by their brethren whom they had left on the Missouri. This large body, consisting of about three thousand persons, including many women and children, journeyed across the unknown desert with the discipline of a veteran army. Colonel Kane, who had been an eye-witness, describes with admiration

The strict order of march, the unconfused closing up to meet attack, the skilful securing of cattle upon the halt, the system with which the

watches were set at night to guard the camp. . . . Every ten of their wagons was under the care of a captain; this captain of ten obeyed a captain of fifty; who in turn obeyed a member of the *High Council of the Church*.

By the aid of this admirable organization, they triumphed over the perils of the wilderness; and after a weary pilgrimage of a thousand miles, came at last within view of their destined home. The last portion of their route, which led them into the defiles of the mountains, was the most difficult:—

When the last mountain has been crossed, the road passes along the bottom of a deep ravine, whose scenery is almost of terrific gloom. At every turn the overhanging cliffs threaten to break down upon the river at their base. At the end of this defile, which is five miles in length, the emigrants come abruptly out of the dark pass into the lighted valley, on a terrace of its upper table land. A ravishing panoramic landscape opens out below them, blue, and green, and gold, and pearl; a great sea with hilly islands; a lake; and broad sheets of grassy plain; all set as in a silver-chased cup, within mountains whose peaks of perpetual snow are burnished by a dazzling sun.

The sympathy which we so freely give to the shout of the ten thousand Greeks, hailing the distant waters of the Euxine, we cannot refuse to the rapture of these Mormon pilgrims, when at last they beheld the promised land from the top of their transatlantic Pisgah. Nor is it wonderful that their superstition discovered in the aspect of their new inheritance an assurance of blessing; for the region which they saw below them bears, in its geographical features, a resemblance singularly striking to the Land of Canaan. The mountain lake of Galilee, the Jordan issuing from its waves, and the salt waters of the Dead Sea, where the river is absorbed and lost, have all their exact parallels in the territory of Utah. Here surely was the portion of Jacob, where the wanderings of Israel might find rest!

The arrival of these wayworn exiles, together with that of the disbanded volunteers from California raised the number of the colony to nearly four thousand persons. The first thing needful was to provide that this multitude should not perish for lack of food. "Ploughing and planting," says Captain Stansbury, "continued throughout the whole winter, and until the July following; by which time a line of fence had been constructed enclosing upwards of six thousand acres, laid down in crops, besides a large tract of pasture land." But, notwithstanding all their industry, the colonists were on the brink of starvation during the first winter. There is very little game in the country, and they were reduced to the necessity of feeding on wild roots

* All the Mormon settlements are called "Stakes of Zion" to distinguish them from Jackson County, Missouri, which is "Zion." This is ultimately to be reconquered by the saints, and thus Joseph's prophecy (which their expulsion seemed to falsify), is to be fulfilled. Meanwhile, when speaking particularly, they apply the term Zion to Utah.

and on carrion; and even tore off the hides with which they had roofed their cabins, to boil them down into soup. "When we clambered the mountains," says one of them, "with the Indians to get leaks, we were sometimes too feeble to pull them out of the ground." (XV. 387.) This bitter season, however, saw the last of their sufferings; an abundant harvest relieved their wants; and since that time their agriculture has been so successful, that they have raised enough, not only for home consumption, but for the demand of the numerous emigrants who are constantly passing through their settlements to the gold diggings of California. The engineers of the Central Government who surveyed their territory, state, that although the soil capable of cultivation bears a very small proportion to that which (for want of water) is doomed to sterility, yet the strip of arable land along the base of the mountains makes up, by its prodigious fertility, for its small extent (S. 141.); and that it would support, with ease, a million of inhabitants. (G. 18.) This question is of primary importance, because a country so distant from the sea, and so far from all other civilized states, must depend entirely on its own resources. There must be a constant danger lest an unfavorable season should be followed by a famine. Against such a calamity, however, some provision is made by accumulating large quantities of grain in public storehouses, where the hierarchical government deposits the tithes which it receives in kind.

In physical prosperity, the new commonwealth, which is still (in 1854) only in the sixth year of its foundation, has advanced with a rapidity truly wonderful; especially when we consider the disadvantages under which it is placed, by the fact that every imported article has to be dragged by land carriage for a thousand miles over roadless prairies, bridgeless rivers, and snow-clad mountains. Thus reduced to self-dependence, we can imagine the straits to which the first emigrants were brought for want of those innumerable comforts of civilized life which cannot be extemporized, and need cumbersome machinery for their manufacture. We can understand why, even after some years of settlement, the new citizens complained that nineteen-twentieths of the most common articles of clothing and furniture were not to be procured among them at any price. (XV. 395.) But before their steady energy, such difficulties have gradually vanished. When the colony had barely reached its fifth birthday, besides their agricultural triumphs already mentioned, they had completed an admirable system of irrigation, had built bridges over their principal rivers, and possessed iron-works and coal-mines, a factory of beet-sugar, a nail-work, and innumerable sawing-mills; and had even sacrificed to the

graces by a "manufactory of small-tooth combs!" (XV. 418. and 437.) Regular mails were established with San Francisco on the Pacific, and New York on the Atlantic; public baths were erected, and copiously supplied by the boiling springs of the volcanic region, affording to the citizens that wholesome luxury so justly appreciated by the ancients and so barbarously neglected by the moderns. They were even beginning to cultivate the arts and sciences, *more Americano*. They had founded a "University" in their capital, where one of the apostles gives lectures on astronomy, wherein he overthrows the Newtonian theory. (G. 82.) They had sculptured a monument to the memory of Washington. They had laid the foundation of a temple which is to surpass the architectural splendors of Nauvoo. They had reared a Mormon Sappho, who officiates as the laureate of King Brigham. Nay, they had even organized a dramatic association, which acts tragedies and comedies during the season.

Meanwhile, their population had increased by immigration from 4,000 to 30,000, of whom 7,000 were assembled in the city of Salt Lake, their capital. The rest were scattered over the country to replenish the earth and to subdue it. This task they undertake, not with the desultory independence of isolated squatters, but with a centralized organization, the result of which, in giving efficiency to the work of energetic men, has astonished (says Captain Stansbury) even those by whom it has been effected. He adds:—

The mode which they adopt for the founding of a new town is highly characteristic. An expedition is first sent out to explore the country, with a view to a selection of the best site. An elder of the church is then appointed to preside over the band designated to make the first improvement. This company is composed partly of volunteers, and partly of such as are selected by the Presidency, due regard being had to a proper intermixture of mechanical artisans to render the expedition independent of all aid from without. (S. 142.)

But the effects of this system will be better understood by quoting the following letter of an emigrant, who thus describes the foundation of one of the most important of these new settlements.

In company of upward of an hundred wagons, I was sent on a mission with G. A. Smith, one of the Twelve, to Iron County, 270 miles south of Salt Lake, in the depth of winter, to form a settlement in the valley of Little Salt Lake, (now Parowan), as a preparatory step to the manufacturing of iron. After some difficulty in getting through the snow, we arrived safe and sound in the valley. After looking out a location, we formed our wagons into two parallel lines, some seventy paces apart; we then took the wheels and planted them about a couple of paces

from each other, so securing ourselves that we could not easily be taken advantage of by any unknown foe. This done, we next cut a road up the canon, [ravine], opening it to a distance of some eight miles, bridging the creek in some five or six places, making the timber and poles, of which there is an immense quantity, of easy access. We next built a large meeting house, two stories high, of large pine trees all neatly jointed together. We next built a square fort, with a commodious cattle yard inside the enclosure. The houses built were some of hewn logs, and some of *adobies* (dried bricks) all neat and comfortable. We next enclosed a field, five by three miles square, with a good ditch and pole fence. We dug canals and water ditches to the distance of thirty or forty miles. One canal to turn the water of another creek upon the field, for irrigating purposes, was seven miles long. We built a saw-mill and grist-mill the same season. I have not time to tell you half the labors we performed in one season. Suffice it to say that when the Governor came along in the spring, he pronounced it the greatest work done in the mountains by the same amount of men. (XV. 458.)

We must not be tempted to linger too long on this part of our subject, or we might illustrate it by many similar examples. Suffice it to say, that by such judicious enterprise a chain of agricultural posts has been formed, which already extends beyond the territory of Utah, and connects the Salt Lake with the Pacific. The chief of these settlements, San Bernardino, bids fair to be one of the most important cities in California. "The agricultural interest of the colonists of San Bernardino," says the New York Herald, "is much larger than that of the three adjoining counties united. Their manufacturing interest is rapidly increasing. They supply the southern country with timber, and for miles around they furnish flour from the fine mills which they have erected. They have purchased land for town sites in eligible situations on the sea coast." (XV. 61.) The object of the Mormons in this extended colonization is to establish a good line of communication with the Pacific, by which they may bring up their immigrants more easily than across the immense tract which separates them from the Missouri. At first they hoped to include this line of coast in their own territory; but Congress refused their petition to that effect, and restricted them within limits which separate them from the sea; the above mentioned maritime colonies being offshoots beyond their own jurisdiction.

But we are here assuming a knowledge of the political relations between the Mormon commonwealth and the United States, which we have not yet described. Soon after the exiles had taken possession of their new home, it passed from the dominion of Mexico to that of the United States by the treaty of 1848.

Not long after, a convention of the inhabitants petitioned Congress to admit them into the Confederation as a Sovereign State, under the title of the State of Deseret, a name taken from the Book of Mormon. This the Congress declined; but passed an Act, in 1850, erecting the Mormon district into a *Territory*, under the name of Utah. We should explain that, according to the American Constitution, the position of a *Territory* is very inferior to that of a *state*. The chief officers of a *Territory* are appointed not by the inhabitants, but by the President of the Union. The acts of the local legislature are null and void unless ratified by Congress. The property in the soil belongs to the Government of the United States. It will easily be understood how natural is the anxiety of the citizens of a *Territory* to emerge from this humiliating position, into that of a sovereign commonwealth, which can elect its own magistrates, make its own laws, and adopt the constitution which it prefers. But this anxiety is doubly felt by the Mormons, because, so long as they remain subject to the central Government of the Union, they naturally fear that the popular hatred which expelled them from Illinois and Missouri, may manifest itself in renewed persecution. Nor are causes of collision wanting. In the first place, the inhabitants of Utah have as yet no legal title to their land, for they have taken possession of it without purchase; and the ownership of the soil is in the United States. Yet the Mormons naturally protest against claims which would exact payment from them for that property which derives all its value from their successful enterprise. Again, the President of the Union has the right of appointing an "unbeliever" Governor of the *Territory*. Such an appointment would be considered a grave insult by the population; and they have announced very clearly their intention to oppose it (should it ever take place) by passive resistance, which probably would soon pass into active violence. President Fillmore avoided this difficulty by nominating the Head of the Mormon Church as Governor of the *Territory*. But the appointment is only for four years, and may be cancelled at pleasure. Another cause of apprehended quarrel is the Mormon custom of polygamy. The Territorial Legislature has no power of legalizing this practice, and consequently the majority of the children of all the great officers of the Church are illegitimate in the eye of the law. Probably some child of a first wife will seek on this ground to oust his half brothers from the paternal inheritance. The Courts of the United States must necessarily give judgment in favor of his claim. But it is certain that such a judgment could not be enforced in Utah without military force, which would be enthusiastically

resisted by the population. This particular case, indeed, may not arise for some years. But the indignation excited against the Mormon polygamy is such, that a portion of the American press is already urging an armed intervention on the Government.

Not only (says the Philadelphia Register), should Utah be refused admission into the Union so long as she maintains this abominable domestic institution; but Congress, under its power to make all needful regulations respecting the territory of the United States, should take measures to punish a crime which dishonors our nation. (XV. 358.)

Such are the clouds already visible on the horizon of Utah, which portend a coming storm. One collision has actually occurred, but has passed off without serious effects. It was caused by the unpopularity of the two judges, appointed by the President of the United States. No doubt it was very difficult to find among the Mormons any even moderately qualified for such an office. One provincial practitioner was however found, who, though not a resident in Utah, was brother of an Apostle; and he was nominated to a seat upon the bench. But the two other judges were unbelievers; and this circumstance of itself caused them to be received with coldness. One of them, also, gave great offence by a speech at a public meeting, in which he advised the Mormon ladies "to become virtuous." (XVI. 406.) The Governor, whose own harem was present, resented this as a gross insult, and an open quarrel ensued. Very free language was used as to the resolution of the people of Utah to resist any interference on the part of the Central Government. This language was declared treasonable by the two unbelieving Judges, and by the Secretary of the Territory, who all returned to Washington, and in a report to Government denounced the disloyalty of the Territory which they had deserted. In the sublime language of the "Deseret News,—

The Judicial Ermine doffed its desecrated wand to the ladies of Utah, satanlike rebuking sin; blackened the sacred pages of its country's history with the records of a mock court; shook its shaggy mane in disappointed wrath, and rushed with rapid strides over the mountains to its orient den. (XIV. 524.)

President Fillmore, however, wisely forbore to take up the quarrel of his nominees, and made new appointments, which appear to be more acceptable to the Mormon population. Thus the danger has passed over for the time; but such symptoms show the precarious character of the existing peace.

Meanwhile, the Mormon leaders are taking

every measure which is calculated to secure themselves against a repetition of the exterminating process to which they have been so often subjected. They keep their militia in constant drill, and its discipline is said to be excellent. Every man capable of bearing arms is enrolled, and the apostles, bishops, and elders appear in military uniform as majors, colonels, or generals, at the head of their troops. They could already oppose a force of 8000 men to an invading enemy. And the standing army of the United States only amounts to 10,000, which must march for three months through a wilderness before they reach the defiles of the mountains, where they would find themselves opposed, under every disadvantage of ground, with all the fury of fanaticism. Indeed, Lieutenant Gunnison intimates that, in his opinion, the Mormons might already defy any force which could be sent against them.

The causes above mentioned fully account for the eagerness manifested by the heads of the Church in pressing upon the saints throughout the world the duty of emigrating to Utah. Their power of resisting hostile interference must of course be proportionate to their numerical strength. If they can double their present population, they may defend their mountain fastnesses against the world. Moreover, they will have the right, according to the practice of the Union, to demand admission as a State into the Federation when their population amounts to 60,000. Hence the duty most emphatically urged upon all Mormon proselytes is immediate emigration. They must shake from their feet the dust of "Babylon," and hasten to "Zion." "Every saint," says a recent General Epistle, "who does not come home, will be afflicted by the devil." (XIV. 20.) And again, "Zion is our home, the place which God has appointed for the refuge of his people. Every particle of our means which we use in Babylon is a loss to ourselves." (Ibid. 210.) And the elders are exhorted "to thunder the word of the Almighty to the saints, to arise and come to Zion." (Ibid. 201.) Nor are their efforts confined to words of exhortation. They raise annually a considerable sum, under the name of the *Perpetual Emigration Fund*, to pay the outfit and passage of those who are willing to emigrate but unable to pay their own expenses. This fund amounted last year to 34,000 dollars. (XV. 439.) Most of the emigrants, however, pay for themselves. In 1853, the number of saints who sailed from England was 2609. (Ibid. 264.); among whom 2312 were British subjects, and 297 Danes. Only 400 of these had their passage paid by the fund. The whole Mormon emigration from Europe has hitherto been considerably under 3000 annually. Even including the converts

from the United States, only 3000 settlers arrived in Utah in 1851. These details, which we have collected from the official statistics published in the "Star," will show how grossly the Mormon emigration has been exaggerated by the press. The American papers, with their grandiloquence, are constantly telling us that hundreds of thousands have arrived on their way to Utah; and these fables are copied on this side of the Atlantic, and go the round of Europe. In reality, during the fourteen years from 1837 to 1851, under 17,000 Mormons had emigrated from England. In future, however, while the Emigration Fund continues in operation, the rate will probably be not less than 3000 a-year. We may therefore suppose that, including the proselytes from the Union, the census of Utah will be increased by 3500 annually. Beside this, we may allow, perhaps, 1000 per annum (considering the nature of the population) for the average excess of births over deaths during the time that the population is rising from 30,000 to 60,000. On this hypothesis, it will have reached the required number by 1859.

This emigration, though very insignificant when compared with the exaggerated statements above mentioned, is surprisingly great, when we consider the enormous difficulties by which it is impeded. In fact, if we except the capital of Thibet, there is perhaps no city in the world so difficult to reach as the metropolis of the Mormons. Emigrants from Europe must first undertake the long sea voyage to New Orleans; thence they must proceed by steamer up the Mississippi to St. Louis, a distance 1300 miles. From St. Louis, a farther voyage of 800 miles brings them to the junction of the Missouri and the Platte. From thence they must proceed in wagons across the wilderness, a journey of three weary months, before they reach their final destination. The appearance of these trains of pilgrims must be highly curious and picturesque. Captain Stansbury thus describes one of them, which he passed:—

We met ninety-five wagons to-day, containing the advance of the Mormon emigration. Two large flocks of sheep were driven before the train; and geese and turkeys had been conveyed in coops the whole distance, without apparent damage. One old gander poked his head out of his box, and hissed most energetically at every passer by, as if to show that his spirit was still

unbroken, notwithstanding his long confinement. The wagons swarmed with women and children, and I estimated the train at a thousand head of cattle, a hundred head of sheep, and five hundred human souls. (S. 223.)

The wagon (he tells us elsewhere), is literally the emigrant's home. In it he carries his all, and it serves him as tent, kitchen, parlor, and bedroom: and not unfrequently also as a boat, to ferry his load over an otherwise impassable stream. (S. 26.)

The deluded proselytes, who, in the mere act of reaching the parched valley of Deseret, expend an amount of capital and toil sufficient to establish them with every comfort in many happier colonies, are by no means drawn from the most ignorant portion of the community. More than two-thirds of their number consists of artisans and mechanics. Out of 352 emigrants who sailed from Liverpool in February 1852, Mr. Mayhew ascertained that only 108 were unskilled laborers; the remaining 244 consisted of farmers, miners, engine-makers, joiners, weavers, shoemakers, smiths, tailors, watch-makers, masons, butchers, bakers, potters, painters, ship-wrights, iron-moulders, basket-makers, dyers, ropers, paper-makers, glass-cutters, nailors, saddlers, sawyers, and gun-makers. (*M. Illustr.* 245.) Thus the Mormon emigration is drawn mainly from a single class of society; and the result is, that the population of Utah presents an aspect singularly homogeneous, and has attained (without any socialism) more nearly to the socialist ideal of a dead level than any other community in the world. There are no poor, for the humblest laborer becomes on his arrival a peasant proprietor; and, although, some have already grown rich, yet none are exempt from the necessity of manual labor, except, indeed, the prophets and chief apostles of the Church. And even these seek to avert popular envy, by occasionally taking a turn at their old employments; following the example of the President, who was bred a carpenter and still sometimes does a job of joiner's work upon his mills. (*G.* 141.) Such a state of society combines the absence of many evils and much misery, with the want of those humanizing influences which result from the intermixture of men of leisure with men of labor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CASTLE-BUILDING.—We speak of building Castles in the air. The phrase in Charron is building *Castles in Spain*.

"SAT CITO, SI SAT BENE."—St. Jerome (*Ep. lxxvi. § 9*, ed. Vallars) quotes this as a maxim of Cato's.

UOVO DE PASCA.—An Italian Priest preaching on Easter Sunday before Cardinal Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, said he was like "*a Pace egg, red, blessed, but a little hard. Havete un Prelato santissimo; e come l'uovo de Pasca, rosso e benedetto, ma e vero ch' e un poco duretto.*"

From the New York Observer.

LIFE OF DR. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

AGAIN and again have we spoken of the forthcoming "Life" of ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D. by his son. Several correspondents have already sent us their well digested thoughts on the admirable execution of the work, which may well be called a model biography; but we have, this week, a special pleasure in copying the following notice from the "*Churchman*," of this city, an Episcopal paper, of the High Church school, and we think our readers will be gratified, as we have been, by its perusal.

The Life of Archibald Alexander, D. D., First Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. By James W. Alexander, D. D. Published by Charles Scribner, New York.

This judicious and well written biography has a twofold interest, in the historical and religious life of its subject. In the latter relation, Dr. Alexander was for nearly half a century an influential instructor, profoundly versed in the various departments of theology, with particular reference to Biblical interpretation and criticism of the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; delivering his lectures at a seat of learning of which he may be said to have been the founder, as he started with it alone in its infancy till it grew up with an increase of professors and students. The Theological Seminary of Princeton, the organization of which is independent of the College of Princeton, was established by an act of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1812, when Dr. Alexander was called, from his congregation at Philadelphia, to fill its first chair. He had previously been the head of the similar school of instruction at Hampden Sidney in Virginia; and, carrying back his history, we find him, in his youth, brought up in the central valley of that state, under the country influences of the old western revolutionary era, with a leaning upon the traditions of the old world in the Scotch Presbyterian associations and observances of the region. It is a curious circumstance in the life of a man, who was to present a constant model of exemplary piety, and give laws, at a seminary of theology, to a considerable portion of the religious world, that his earliest instructions in the ancient languages should be received from a youth who had been exiled from the wickedness of London as a convict, transported to America, according to one of the usages of good old King George, and literally sold — the price of a felon, at the market for such commodities at Baltimore. There this young man, John Reardon, was bought by the father of Alexander, and transported to his country place in Roxbridge county. The intelligent farmer and trader had the good sense to perceive the availability of what book-learning he possessed; and, without taking the alarm professed by some theorists, at the connection of vice with knowledge, built up a log school house for him on his grounds, and collected the youth of the neighborhood under his authority. It does not appear that he taught

thieving or burglary. On the contrary, he was a good citizen of his new State, enlisting among the revolutionary forces, when enemies were in the field, and suffering in the cause repeated wounds from the bayonets and sabres of Tarleton's men, which left him on the field for dead. Jack Reardon, unfitted for the musket, was preserved to wield again the ferula over the childhood of Virginia.

The first thirty years of Alexander's life were passed in a region, every mile of which is historic ground, and among a people, almost every one of whom is at least a local celebrity, if not known to American fame. He lived among the old Virginia gentlemen, who appear to have had as great respect for books as for horses; he was one of the army of the missionary preachers whose eloquence sounded through the valleys of the State; he was of the Presbyterians and among the Churchmen; he heard Patrick Henry speak, and bring to the bar the same order of eloquence with which his friend John Blair Smith had invigorated the appeals of the pulpit. Every one has heard of James Waddell, the blind preacher, whom Wirt has celebrated in the British Spy. It was Alexander's good fortune one day, as he was travelling on horseback and meditating which of two roads he should take, at a fork, to choose the one which led to that preacher's house, where he found a young lady of beauty, his daughter, whom he married, and with whom he lived happily the remainder of a long life.

The traits of manners of the time and country of Old Virginia are very happily delineated, as they presented themselves to a young itinerant clergyman; and they are sketched by his own pen, as reminiscences, when he looked back upon them with a secondary interest, which supplied the place of the original novelty. Alexander was a metaphysician, and knew how to analyze this feeling of the knowledge and wonder of the man superior to the instincts of the youth. In his remarks on the influence of the mountains about his early home upon his youthful character, he cannot trace any direct impressions of their poetry or sublimity, at least any consciousness of these things. "The love of the beauties of nature" he pronounces, in a passage which grows into a fine essay, to be "slow in its development," while he admits the animal sense of the sublime in wonder. It is when thought and experience and culture work upon these brute materials in the mind, in after years, that poetry comes forth with all its subtle philosophy. Thus art goes on perfecting nature in the mind, and man is compensated by his superior enjoyments for the loss of his childhood.

When our preacher leaves the self-made man of the wilderness, to travel among the learned and polished folk of the north, as he did in the very beginning of the century, visiting Nassau Hall and New-York and Harvard, he is everywhere observant of the novelty of character. His reminiscences give us some very happy sketches of Samuel Stanhope Smith, the successor of Witherspoon at Princeton, of those famous New-Englanders, Hopkins and Emmons, and one day, on his route to Hanover, of a plain man who has

been talked of latterly as much as any of them. "Passing from Massachusetts over the mountains of New-Hampshire, he lodged within a few rods of the house of a farmer, the father of the Hon. Daniel Webster. The old gentleman came over to the tavern in the morning, and chatted for half an hour. Among other things, he said that he had a son at Dartmouth, who was about to take his bachelor's degree. The father was large in frame, high-breasted and broad-shouldered, and, like his son, had heavy eyebrows. He was an affable man, of sound sense, and considerable information, and expressed a wish that I might be acquainted with his son, of whom it was easy to see that he was proud."

These notices will indicate the personal bio-

graphical notices of the volume, which is largely made up from Dr. Alexander's own manuscripts. As his was one of those healthy minds more apt to think of other people than himself, he has left on record materials of much value for the study of his period. What should justly be said of his own faculties and the secret of his powers, his son, one of a family which inherits the father's ability, usefulness, and serious purpose of life, the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, of this city, has wisely said in this memoir. He has discharged a difficult duty at once with reverence and ease, and given what is rare in religious biographies, a picture of the man as well as the clergyman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRAVELS OF DISCOVERY.

THE dinner-carriages had disappeared. So had the cabs bound for the theatres. The omnibuses were few and far between; and more than an hour ago those persons who patronized neither cab nor omnibus, but walked home from business, had reached their suburban dwellings and six o'clock tea. The visible population of London had changed its character, both in respect to numbers and appearance. The females had an air of directness, as if they had chosen the hour for business; the men wore generally that solitary look which betrays the want of a family fireside; the policemen mustered strong, having sallied forth to take their promenade uninterrupted by the crowd, or to make the agreeable to Polly, who had come up from the hot kitchen, when the dinner was fairly off her hands, to breathe the fresh air on the area-steps. London was mostly within doors. Some of the inhabitants were at dinner—these were the aristocrats; some had already dined, and were chatting over their wine—these were the upper middle classes; some were at tea—these were the lower middle classes; some had left tea more than two hours behind, and were longing for supper—these were the small shopkeepers and hand-workers. The guest-rooms of most of the houses were full; so were the theatres; so were the exhibitions; so were the popular churches where evening-service was performed; and in a proportionate degree the streets were empty. But it was not a gloomy void that was thus presented; for the shop-windows blazed, and the long lines of gas-lamps sparkled like stars in the blackness of the evening.

In approaching the suburbs, the glare was gradually left behind, the shops and lamps becoming fewer, and the former sometimes disappearing altogether. The aspect of the scene, early as the hour was, became decidedly solitary; and this character was aided even by the few lights, occurring at regular but distant intervals. The road leading towards the Bayswater suburb, so busy and so gay a few hours ago, might almost be described as dreary; the country-like expanse of Hyde Park being left behind, and

only the blank wall of Kensington Gardens lining one side of the way. When a solitary cab was seen to stop here at one of the turnings, the pions passing regarded it as a relief, and looked with languid curiosity at the descent of the single person it contained. Those who did so turned to look again; for although the individual was shrouded from head to foot in a black cloak and veil, with the hood drooping far over her bonnet, there was an unmistakable air of distinction in her walk and carriage. She moved quietly along, however, up the turnings, and the spectators passed on their way.

The lady walked slowly and collectedly up the street, as if she was going to her own or a neighbor's house: but when she had gained the end, she paused and hesitated. Streets were on all sides—before, behind, and on either hand. She chose the left, and thus proceeded further to the west. At the end of that street there was another pause, another self-consultation, and she turned to the right. Then came a longer pause: the evening was dark, the lamps few, the wilderness of brick and stucco seemingly interminable. Occasionally somebody passed her, and turned round to look: this made her quicken her steps. Once or twice a policeman turned the bull's eye of his lantern upon her veiled face, and then wheeling about, followed her; but gradually his pace became slower, and then he altogether abandoned the pursuit. This is an ordinary ruse of the Force, who calculate on the individual followed, if conscious of having been at any unlawful work, betraying his delinquency by taking to flight; but in the present case the veiled lady did not run, but glided at what appeared to be her usual rate of speed.

She at length seemed to regret her reserve or timidity, and looked round as if in search of some one to direct her. A servant-girl at the moment came out of one of the houses, and she addressed her.

"Kensington Gravel Pits?" said the girl. "Oh, you must take that street opposite, and go on a good step. You are from the Tyburn way?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see you have come out of your road. Hartwell Place? I don't know that; you must ask again when you get nearer it." The

lady bowed and glided on, and the girl stood staring after her till the black figure was lost in the black darkness.

Soon after this, while the solitary wayfarer was passing a house of some pretensions, the door suddenly opened, and from the brilliantly lighted hall several young men, who had apparently been too familiar with the wine-decanter, issued forth in boisterous merriment. One of them, struck with the nun-like figure that was gliding past, followed her, while his laughing companions incited him to the chase with a view-hollo that made the street ring. The lady quickened her gliding pace—quicker—quicker—till the gentleman fairly ran, and at his highest speed. She distanced him for a time, turning several corners, and darting across several streets, till at length he was sensibly gaining upon her, and would perhaps have ultimately won the race, had not his foot been caught by a large stone, which brought him down with a heavy fall. Two policemen turning the nearest corner at the moment, witnessed the accident, and seeing a female in the act of flight, one of them pursued her, while the other went to the assistance of the gentleman, who lay stunned upon the street.

The policeman was a still more dangerous enemy than the gentleman, for he sprang his rattle as he ran, and presently the terrifying sound was heard taken up at several points, some distant, some nearer, as if by echoes. When turning the next corner the fugitive was intercepted and caught roughly by the arm, while the glare of a bull's eye was turned upon her face. Still he spoke no word; and when the pursuer came up, the two were about to lead her back to where the supposed offence had been committed, when the footsteps of the other policeman were heard thundering along the street, and his voice exclaiming: "All's right—Let her alone!" When he approached, he explained that the gentleman had fallen by accident, and that the lady ran only because he had frightened her: even before he had finished she had moved away in silence as before, and was already at some distance.

"Are you sure you are right?" said one of the trio. "Isn't it odd, that if frightened, she didn't cry out? I don't like that silence!"

"Don't the gentleman know best anyhow?" replied P. 47. "If he don't charge, we can't take her; and sure a woman's hounding her tongue is no offence!"

When the silent lady reached a certain distance, she slackened her pace, panting like a hunted deer. But there was something resolute even in her quick-drawn breaths, and her figure was still erect and her nerves strung. She had not given in. She would carry out her project, whatever it was, in spite of fortune. But, owing to her ignorance of the locality, rendered practically darker by the darkness of the evening, she had made a mistake. She had left the cab too soon: it might have taken her far nearer the scene of action, without the slightest risk of its awakening observation. Her intrepidity was not of so common a kind as might be supposed; for

until now she had never in her life been in the case of an unprotected female. She had hitherto moved through the world like a queen in a play, surrounded by domestics, court, army, and preceded and followed by a flourish of trumpets. To find herself alone and on foot, wandering in the dark, and through unknown paths, stared at like a spectre by the passers-by, and hunted like a criminal by policemen—this was a situation so absolutely at variance with her rôle, that the courage which sustained her must have been something truly heroic.

But Claudia was determined, *coute qui coute*, to ascertain a certain fact; and a few words with Mr. Poring, spoken apparently at random, had shown her that this would be easy, if she could only reach the place unobserved. She would be fooled by nobody. She would believe nothing but what was revealed to her by her own eyes. She would distrust Adolphus; she would distrust his lackey; she would distrust Miss Heavystoke; she would distrust Oaklands; she would distrust her own father. She would see, learn, know everything herself. Her visit to the family lawyer, which was on ordinary business, might have been paid at any other time, or she might have sent, more characteristically, for him to wait upon her; but she chose to go, and at an unusual hour, that her father might be from home during her absence, and that she might have an excuse for making use of a conveyance not driven or accompanied by the servants of the family. Her meeting there with Sara, and the nature of this young person's business, which she had extracted from the lawyer, gave her a sensation so new and strange that she could not analyze it. It served to fix her resolve, however, still more firmly; it elevated her courage, it gave speed to her steps, and made her feel as if every moment was precious, as if she had already lost time, as if her fate depended upon her object being attained that evening.

The adventures she encountered had been quite unforeseen; but her habitual presence of mind had been equal to the exigency. To summon the aid of the police, to complain, to utter even a word that might seem to require explanation, would have been to run the risk of public inquiry. Even to ask her way frequently, appeared to her to be dangerous to her scheme; and it was, therefore, chiefly by dint of patient prowling, that she at length succeeded in reaching the opening of Hartwell Place, the name of which she read by the light of a dull lamp at the corner. It was at this hour a singularly gloomy-looking avenue; the gardens forming one side of the way being a mass of impenetrable shadow, while the only light in the street beyond the corner where she stood was a kind of luminous haze, thrown forth apparently from a window at the further end. This showed her that the information she had received concerning the locality was correct; and with the same deliberate and noiseless pace with which she had been accustomed to float up the long vista of her own drawing-room, she glided on along the solitary street. The object of her journey of discovery being simply to look in for a moment at the

window, we will now give the reader a peep of the interior: but in doing this, we must be permitted to proceed in our own deliberate way.

Robert Oaklands had not been idle during the long intervals of his visits to his Wearyfoot friends. A portion of the day he gave up to writing for the weekly and monthly periodicals, for he could not afford now to wait the slow movements of a quarterly; and the rest of his time he spent in inquiry and reflection on a plan he had hitherto kept to himself. His resolution, however, had that very day been taken; and in the evening, when Mr. Driftwood called, he did not scruple to mention to him and Mrs. Margery what he was about to do.

"You may remember, Mr. Driftwood," said he, "that when I came to London first, in reply to your question as to how I proposed to live, I gave you a long list of my accomplishments, and you seemed to think that even a small portion of the number would suffice."

"I think so still," replied the artist: "what you want is steadiness—you won't stick to a thing when you begin it. If you had followed the painting, you might have been near by this time; and, at any rate, if you had joined me in business, as I proposed, you might have rattled off the portraits as your share of the work, while I executed gallery-pictures that would have been a fortune to us both one day."

"Even the portraits, I fear," said Robert, smiling, "would have wanted the Grecianizing hand of the master!"

"So they would—I would have touched them all over after you. Come, you shall have a chance yet: take back your word, and come to Jermyn Street to-morrow." Robert shook his head.

"Then what are you to be after? You took to the cabinet-making, not so genteel a thing as painting to be sure, but still you would have done well enough there if you had only stuck to it. But some new crotchet came in the way, and no human being could tell what you were about for ever so long. You may have been a billiard-marker for aught I know; and even that would have been more rational than hunting about, as Margery's idea was, here, there, and everywhere, after grand relations you never saw or heard tell of in your life."

"That is all true—sit quiet, Margery, and don't mind him—but cabinet-making, you know, would never have brought me more than journeyman's wages, and I had, and have, a strong fancy for something more. Still my projects have all failed—I admit that, and it is necessary to try something new. Now, you may remember my capabilities were not bounded by painting, cabinet-making, and authorship."

"Oh, you could do fifty other things, I know, and I saw you myself do half of them. You are a housepainter, a glazier, a carpenter, a bricklayer, a slater, and so on—but what is the use of that? Would you be more than a journeyman for the number of your trades? You could carry a hod, too, ever so high. Stuff!—If you could get up a pole one-third of the length, and stand on your head on the top of it, it would be more to the purpose."

"Perhaps I could do even that: I shouldn't mind trying if it came to the push. But the truth is, I think it is a pity that such accomplishments as these should be lost, and lost they are in an old country where all of them are separate and crowded trades. I am going to try a new field, Driftwood; yes, Margery, and one where it will go hard with me if I cannot find a lump of gold the size of an egg at least, to send home to you." This announcement excited a great commotion in the room. The artist took it upon him to be exceedingly angry with his imprudent young friend; and Mrs. Margery, so rudely awakened from her favorite dream, could hardly find voice for remonstrance.

"And just when it was all coming out," said she, "exactly as I told from the first! It's a flying in the face of Providence to interfere with fate, that's what it is! See if you will get as comfortable a room in these outlandish places, or as nice a bit of victuals as any lord in the land has on his plate, or a shirt more spotless than you will find in the first drawing-room in England! And see if you will get anybody to mind your little comforts—and rise before daylight to get your breakfast the first thing, so that you may not work on an empty stomach—and think nothing of anything, but thank you for it all—and feel so proud, and so hap—hap—happy!"—and poor Margery lifted up her voice and wept.

"What he will get," said Driftwood, sententiously, "is cold and rags, with the damp ground to lie upon; starvation if he finds no gold, and a pickaxe through his skull if he does."

"Don't mind him, Margery," said Robert, soothingly—"that picture is quite in the out-of-doors-style: I shall never, it is true, either abroad or at home, meet with the comfort and kindness I enjoy here; but I can rough it as well as most people, and I can work and live where men of higher talent and higher rearing would sit down and perish. As for the pickaxe, I am not sure that I shall put myself in the way of it at all—I rather think I shall not. The mines are a lottery in which there are only a few prizes to a thousand blanks; but in the midst of a population, one-half of which cannot, and the other half will not work at ordinary trades, there must be numerous fields of industry and ingenuity for such as I."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a single knock at the door, and Doshy presently ushered in a female visitor, handsomely dressed in walking-costume. It was Molly; and the two Wearyfoot friends were in one another's arms in an instant, Mrs. Margery weeping on her friend's bosom, and her friend, who was never behind hand on such occasions, weeping with her, and taking the cause of sorrow upon trust. Molly, after this preliminary business was over, curtsied to Robert with some awkwardness, for like other sensitive ladies, Molly was the victim of conventionalism. She knew that it would be improper to be so familiar with a gentleman of his figure and manners, but she longed to tell him at once how sorry she was for her late ill-humor. To sit down with him like an equal was out of the question, but there was no other room in the

house with a fire, which the weather rendered indispensable; so the matter was compromised by her and Doshy getting well into a corner, while Mrs. Margery occupied an intermediate place between them and the gentlemen. Molly was too much astonished at the news that was speedily communicated to her in whispers by Doshy to be able quite to comprehend it at first; but she was assisted in this by recollecting the fact she had come to announce, that the captain and his retainers were to set out the next day on their return home. There seemed to her to be something strangely sympathetic in the two movements—the one to Australia, the other to Wearyfoot; and she took the liberty of thinking, that, for all Mrs. Margery's experience, there was as much genuine fate in the one denouement as in the other. Robert received the intelligence without apparent emotion; for he got up presently, as if to fetch a book from the shelf at the further end of the room. But he did not find what he wanted; for he returned, and then went back again, and so kept wandering up and down the floor, as if he had lost himself on the Common.

"It is very easy," said Driftwood at last—for he, too, had been in a reverie—"it is very easy to talk of going here and there—but how is it to be done? You will want money, Oaklands, money to get you an outfit, to take you to the antipodes, to enable you to travel from the coast to the mines, and to keep you alive till your earnings begin to come in. For my own part, you see, these confounded guineas are very slow, and my gallery-pictures have not yet been found out by the connoisseurs. In another year or so I should be able to give you a cheque for a thousand easily enough, and that would insure your success; but at present, why?"

"For the present," interrupted Robert, "I cordially accept your good wishes instead. A smaller sum than you mention would indeed make the adventure easy, and expedite my return, perhaps by many years; but talking of that is of no use—I see my way towards raising by and by what is actually necessary, and hard work, perseverance, and time must do the rest. Come, instead of a thousand pounds, you shall give me a couple of your spare brushes, Driftwood; and I will take as much care of them as I did of the cake Molly made for me at my first exodus from the Lodge. I kept that cake, Molly, for months, and it did me more good than any cake I ever ate before or since." This made Molly burst into a nervous laugh that ended in a gush of tears—with which she half-drowned a little girl who had the mishap to enter the room at the moment.

This little girl was followed by two little boys. They were the children of a poor widow who lived in the upper part of the house, and were in the frequent habit of receiving lessons in reading from Robert in the evening when he was at home, besides a good hunch of bread and butter from Mrs. Margery. The little creatures were very poorly dressed, but clean and tidy, and had been so kindly treated by their hosts that they felt and behaved as if they were members of the family. Robert had already one of the boys by his knee with the lesson-book open on the table;

another was climbing into Mrs. Margery's lap; and the girl was struggling to get away from Molly, whose intentions she was not altogether sure of—when that young lady let her go suddenly, head over heels upon the floor, and gave a loud scream.

Margery flew to her friend, and Robert and Driftwood likewise rose hastily. Molly, however, answered not a word to their questions, but set staring at the window, with her round eyes dilated even beyond their usual size, and absolutely blazing with astonishment. There was nothing at the window to account for her scream. If the evening had not been so dark, it might have been supposed that the waving of the trees in the gardens opposite had excited her imagination; for Mrs. Margery had been in the habit at Wearyfoot of dispensing with shutters, the kitchen windows opening into the garden, and her present abode being the last house in the row, and there being no passage beyond, she still kept up the custom.

"What ever is the matter with you, Molly?" said Mrs. Margery; "have you lost your senses since you came to London?" At the moment a carriage chanced to pass the end of the street.

"There—there!" cried Molly; "I knew I could not be mistaken! It's a face nobody could mistake who had once seen it, and it was lighted with two eyes that were like gas jets looking in at the window!"

"Is it a spirit you fancy you have seen?" asked Driftwood.

"O no, sir; I know better than that—a spirit doesn't go off in a carriage, but in a flash of brimstone! Though it was like a spirit too; for its black mourning-dress seemed only a piece of the black night; its black hood was raised over its brow that it might stare in upon us the better, and so the lighted face looked as if it was floating in the air."

"Molly," said Robert, earnestly, "of whom are you talking?"

"Of Miss Falcontower."

"The girl's crazy," cried Driftwood, indignant at having been betrayed into excitement by so palpable an absurdity.

"Did you ever see the lady," said Robert with much vexation, "you have so thoughtlessly named?"

"Oh, I saw her come out of her carriage, and I was told who she was."

"That accounts for your illusion. Her face being a very remarkable one, has dwelt in your imagination; and that dark window with the panes glittering in the fitful light of the candle and the fire has supplied you with materials for a picture."

"Oh, that's all very well for you, Master Robert," said Molly, somewhat sullenly; "but for my part, I can't see nothing but what's before me; and if this was my last moment, I'm ready to make oath that what I did see was neither ghost nor picture, but Lord Luxton's daughter."

Robert was much struck with the earnestness of this declaration. There was obviously no intentional deception on Molly's part, and the chance of her being under a delusion herself seemed at least to diminish. But how to ac-

count for the presence of that unfathomable Claudia? Could it be that the wild notions of Margery—for he now understood how these had been confounded with his apparently more tangible expectations—had reached the ears of the Falcontowers? Could it be that he himself was suspected of being at the bottom of the fraud, and that Claudia's was a visit of espial, intended to ascertain from external appearances his real position in the world? But this idea merely flitted across his mind for a moment; for how could she have known of Margery's custom—a very uncommon one in London—with regard to the window; and, ignorant of this, could it have been her intention to inquire from door to door into his circumstances? More than all, how was it possible to suppose that one with so many dependants at her command would undertake in her own person so singular a task?

To reason on the subject, however, was vain; and, taking up his hat, he proposed, as he sometimes did, to accompany Driftwood, who was now preparing to go, to the end of the street. It was arranged that the artist should have the felicity of escorting Molly home; but that young lady, saying that she would join him presently, lingered behind to bid a confidential good-by to Mrs. Margery. Her friend had by this time dried her tears, or else the triumphant smiles that broke on her good-looking face had absorbed them naturally. As soon as the gentlemen were gone, she whirled Molly to a corner of the room, out of view of the window, and laying her two hands on her shoulders, and putting her mouth to her ear, said in an eager whisper—

"Don't you see, girl? Isn't it all coming out, just as I told you from the first? And isn't the denouement hastening on as fast as ever it can?"

"What's coming out?" said Molly in astonishment, "when Master Robert is going to the other world, and Miss Sara to Wearyfoot?"

"Hush, not a word! You don't know anything about it: you are blind as a mole, for all your great eyes. What would Miss Falcontower be doing here this blessed night, unless it was a coming? How should you have seen her yourself prowling about, and flattening her nose, I dare be sworn, against our window, like my cousin Driftwood, as round as a crown-piece? I tell you, girl, it is as sure as fate itself—and that is seldom put out of its way, except by foolish people who don't understand it. And you will be married, Molly, out of hand; and a comfortable match you will make of it, now that the young baker has succeeded to his father; and your first girl will come up here as soon as she is old enough, and join me in the business, and have it all to herself when I am dead and gone. See if that doesn't come out too!" Mrs. Margery, in the triumph of her art, would perhaps have gone on arranging, in the most satisfactory manner, the destinies of numerous generations, but Molly was not in the vein to listen. The spectral face of Claudia was before her imagination still; and it affrighted her so much that she would fain have taken refuge in ignorance from the preternatural illumination of her friend, just as when a child she had been accus-

tomed, from similar feelings, to hide her head in the bed-clothes.

The two ladies, however, took a loving farewell of each other, uncertain whether they were ever to meet again in this world; and Molly, with wandering steps and slow, pursued her solitary way down the dark street to join her convoy.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DOUBLE SEPARATION.

A LADY of our acquaintance used to express her surprise that it was considered indelicate or unpolite to say to anybody—more especially to one of her own sex—How old are you? and that the person so questioned should be unwilling to give a straightforward, truthful reply. If I am asked, said she, how long I have resided in such a place, I do not think of evading the question, but mention the time as well as I am able; and when the inquiry relates to the number of years I may have been a denizen of this world of comings and goings, why should I feel or speak otherwise? The fair reasoner might have gone further in her philosophy of common-place. She might have said: Since this earth is but a stage on a journey taken by us all, why do we mourn when a friend reaches the goal before us? and whence is our desolateness of heart when a separation takes place for a probably shorter space, and when even in this world we have the prospect of meeting again?

Such reasonings do very well to exercise the judgment; but we question whether they have the slightest effect upon the heart. No one, for example, was better aware than Robert of the transitory nature of this mundane scene, or less inclined to wish that it were indeed an abiding-place and a continuing city; and yet the leaving-taking that was before him the next morning seemed to his imagination like the rending asunder of soul and body. On his long walk to Bloomsbury his feet seemed to cling to the ground, his head hung upon his breast, and the usually vigorous and energetic young man presented a complete picture of desolation.

But the parting itself was not so bad as the anticipation, at least in its external phenomena. It never is. The very effort to conceal the feelings divides them, and the heart is shared between grief and pride, desolation and triumph.

"Well, Bob," said the captain, when he went into the room—"you are off, I hear, for the other side of the world? I don't blame you—I did something like it myself; and you will have a better chance of getting on there than in a place like this, where people can't stir their elbows for the crowd. But as you are not going for some time yet, you will run down to Wearyfoot to bid good-by? Yes, you will?" Robert shook his head. "No? I thought so. Perhaps you are right—it's of no use. But I am not like you, full of strong, young life, and I can't help feeling down in the mouth a little. I am getting an old fellow, Bob; I noticed in the glass this morning that my hair is almost white; and if it had been so ordered that you were to have been with us down yonder for a few years, till you helped

to carry me quietly—and I am sure you would do it lovingly—to that lonely little Wearyfoot church-yard, where the grass grows so trimly among the white stones, and where the weary foot is indeed at rest, why?"—

"Darling uncle!" cried Sara, throwing her arms round the veteran's neck in a passion of tears. Some large drops rolled, one after another, down the waxen cheeks of Elizabeth. Robert alone seemed unmoved; but when he spoke, his voice was constrained and husky.

"The grass in Wearyfoot church-yard," said he, "will, I trust, be many times alternately green and withered before you, my beloved benefactor, are carried thither. But when that does take place, my consolation will be to know, that your last moments were soothed by the cares of those you loved, and your kind true-heart laid in the grave by tender hands."

"And you, Robert?" said Elizabeth—"will not the wanderer be with us even at the end of many years?"

"The wanderer," replied Robert, "may by that time have found a grave himself."

"But if not?" said Sara, almost inaudibly.

Robert paused before answering, and a struggle of some kind appeared to take place in his mind. When at length he spoke, his cheek was slightly pale:

"This side of the ocean," said he, "I have not found fortunate—not from my very birth. Why, then, should I wish to return? I will not even suffer myself to think of the ordinary changes brought by time—of new ties, new feelings, new graves; the things and persons of the present will remain with me as they are forever; and so I shall be able to defy the evil fortune before which I have hitherto succumbed."

"All this means," cried the captain, "that you are not coming back! You are a fine fellow, Bob, and a good fellow; but I don't understand you: I never did, even when you were a boy—even when I was teaching you to fence, and when Sara was teaching you to dance. I can understand your going—that's all very right; but why not come back?—and when you know, too, that not one of us will have any pleasure in life till you do. Why, your letters from London filled up our time and our thoughts from one letter to another. Even Margery's pothooks were precious, and they did Sara so much good, that poor Molly would not open them herself. Isn't it true, Sara?" Sara did not reply; she was shaking from head to foot, and Robert determined to cut short the painful scene. A double knock at the street-door afforded him an excuse.

"There are your friends," said he; "I saw them pass the window. They are doubtless coming to escort you to the railway, and that will enable me to attend to some pressing business of my own. I had a thousand things to say, but they will be better said by letter—we shall have time for quite a long correspondence before my departure. Farewell!"—and he clasped the veteran's hand and covered it with fervent kisses—"may God requite you for all your goodness to the beggar and outcast!" The captain strained him in his arms for a moment, coughing

savagely away some desperate sobs, and then Elizabeth threw herself upon his bosom, and wept helplessly. Sara was just vanishing at the door of the inner room; but Robert followed her, and as the visitors were at the moment announced, he shut the door after him.

"Do not part, Sara," said he, "without shaking hands! If you only knew the cost of this self-sacrifice!"

"I know nothing," said she, turning quickly round—"speak!" and she fixed her eyes eagerly on his. Another struggle seemed to take place in his mind, and this time of so terrible a nature that large drops of sweat rolled down his brow.

"I dare not," said he at length—"Farewell!" and he released her hand. She walked silently away; and presently, the hardly audible sound of the opening and shutting of the door informed her that Robert was gone.

Robert was strong in his consciousness of rectitude. With the exception of the conflict of the last parting moment, the only temptation that had assailed him that morning was suggested by Sara's question as to his return. They were both young. Would not a few years have a fair chance of enriching him in a country where wealth is sometimes collected in a few days? This thought darted like lightning through his brain, but like lightning it vanished. To set Sara's life-long happiness at stake on the mere chance of his success—to buoy her up with a hope which was as likely to be illusive as otherwise—and lead her on from year to year in a dream, in the course of which both her cheek and heart might wither, was not to be thought of. Let the prospect be closed at once; and if love still survived, why, then, who could tell what might happen after the lapse of years?

Robert had another scene to get through that forenoon; and the one that had just closed, instead of weakening his energies, nerved him for what was to come. It was with inexpressible bitterness of spirit he took his way to Lord Luxton's house. The evening before, there were no stars visible in the heavens to consult; but he had taken counsel of the void darkness, and did not return till that began to be edged with the cold gray light of the dawn. It seemed clear to him now that the Falcon towers had been in error as to his family position; that they had considered this however comparatively obscure, not to be such as would reflect disgrace upon them; and that, detecting the falsehood of the report that had reached them regarding his noble birth, they had determined to observe with their own eyes the true nature of his social status. From his knowledge of Claudia, he was not at all surprised that she should leave her father in the carriage at the end of the street, and come alone to the window; and perhaps, under other circumstances, it might have given him even amusement, to imagine the feelings with which the high-born and haughty slave of conventionalism must have beheld the unaccustomed scene that was then presented to her eyes. But the same meanness which could induce them to defraud the man of low birth of the fairly earned reward of the successful writer, would affix upon him—whose interest seemed alone to be interested in

the affair—the stigma of suborning others to bolster him up by means of fraud and falsehood. This he would not submit to. Instead of sending for his papers, and allowing the unfortunate connection to drop in silence, as had been his intention, he was now on his way to the house in person, to force upon Lord Luxton such explanation as he might find necessary.

The new peer and his daughter were in the library, according to their ordinary custom, conversing on their affairs. The father was sometimes a good deal puzzled by the manner of the young lady, which, always decisive, was this morning what in a man would be called stern. Her words were few, abrupt, uncompromising. She looked older. The lines of time, whose appearance she had hitherto contrived to repress, were now visible in the unusual paleness of her countenance; and her eyes, in general so lustrous, looked heavy, yet feverish, as if they had not been recently closed in sleep. Lord Luxton, who was ignorant of her evening expedition, and of the adventures which had doubtless disturbed her equanimity, supposed that Claudia permitted her mind to dwell too earnestly on the turn taken by public affairs, and he was kinder in manner than was his wont. The young lady, however, was not in the vein for anything like either pity or affection, and received such demonstrations with a coldness allied to scorn. The conversation, therefore, was not agreeable, for the subject was perplexing; the ministerial crisis becoming more critical every hour, and Lord Luxton in corresponding difficulty as to his line of action. In the midst of it the door opened, and Robert Oaklands walked into the room.

His admission was quite accidental, and yet natural. The porter, in whose capacious mind rested the fate of visitors, like other dignified functionaries was late of coming to his post—at so early an hour of the forenoon, his countenance would have been thrown away; and the door, therefore, was opened by one of the footmen who knew Robert merely as one who was admitted as a matter of course, and allowed to find his way unannounced to the library. Both Claudia and her father had recognized his straightforward, resolute knock, to which perhaps on the present occasion his feelings added unwonted sternness. The peer made no remark, his orders, he thought, having rendered him safe from unpleasant intrusion; but the quicker ear of Claudia had caught the visitor's step, light as it was, as he approached the room, and without looking towards the door till he entered, she drew herself up, pale, cold, rigid, impassive.

A slight bend of the head received the visitor, and Lord Luxton motioned to a chair. Robert, however, remained standing behind it.

"I have called, my lord," said he, "in consequence of a circumstance which occurred yesterday evening, and which compels me to suppose that you labor under some mistake as to my real character. A report, I understand, reached your ears before you left town that some mystery attached to my social position, and that I was entitled to occupy much higher ground than I did. Is this the case?"

"It is."

"It is clear, then, from the circumstance I have alluded to, and from your not putting direct questions to me upon a subject in which you appear to have felt so condescending an interest, that you supposed me to be a party in what seemed to you a fraud—probably the chief party concerned, the suborner of the false testimony you received."

"Having made no accusation, Mr. Oaklands, either direct or implied," said the peer with dignity, "I feel myself under no necessity of replying to the remark; more especially as it is put in a tone which gives it the form of accusation rather than defence."

"Defence! I mean no defence, my lord, whatever. All I have to say is, that the idea, if you entertained it, is erroneous, and betrays a very mean capacity for the appreciation of character. The report originated in the enthusiasm of, I may say, natural affection, and may have received some apparent confirmation from a misconception with regard to it under which I labored myself; for I believed the hints that were dropped respecting my approaching elevation referred to the expectations you yourself had held out to me for a very considerable time."

"I understood, sir," said Lord Luxton, "that you were of the importance, even as regarded your own interest, of concealing those expectations till I permitted you to speak?"

"You are right; and I cannot tax myself with having betrayed them. The equivocal was caused by my supposing it to be just possible that in some moment of domestic musing an unguarded word may have dropped from me which was caught at by the ignorant affection I have referred to, and made to harmonize with its own idiosyncrasy."

"Very well. With regard to the expectations themselves, it is necessary to be frank. Independently of the difficulties of the ministry"—

"Pardon me, my lord, I will not hear a word on that subject. I came here to place my own character in a proper point of view—I have nothing to do with yours. Having now accomplished my purpose, I will, with your permission, collect my papers, and bid you good morning." Robert then walked with quiet dignity into the inner-room, the scene of his long and thankless labors.

Claudia had taken no part in this conversation. She did not move; she hardly seemed to breathe, she looked like a statue, only with living eyes that were fixed upon Robert with an intensity in their gaze, which did not appear to stop at the features, but to penetrate to the very soul. When he withdrew, she turned slowly, as if on a pivot, those strange eyes following his firm but noiseless step, and watching his calm, proud bearing, till he disappeared in the study.

"I am glad we have done with him," said her father in an under-tone; "he is an insolent young fellow, and wants to be taken down. Don't you think so?" Claudia did not hear: she was still looking towards the study, and listening to the movements within.

"His refusing to hear my explanation is quite enough, even without the ministerial crisis:

what do you say?" She said nothing—she was probably deliberating within herself as to what she should say to him. Presently he reappeared; and, with a slight bow to the two, was just leaving the library.

"Stay Mr. Oaklands," said Claudia suddenly; "having claimed the liberty of explanation for yourself, you have no right to deny it to others. Lord Luxton was about to explain to you, when you interrupted him, that a ministerial crisis, which occurred during our absence from town, would render it difficult, if not impossible, for him to exercise his influence in your favor to the extent he desired. But that is not all. Whatever your ideas may be on the subject, we who live in the world are obliged to conform to its laws and customs; and his lordship cannot, as an individual, even if his own wishes tended thereto, overturn the order and reasonable gradations of society. For a man of obscure family to rise gradually to distinction is nothing new in this country; but to do so suddenly, his family must be either literally obscure, kept entirely in the background, or their obscurity must be merely that of poverty, from which they may be able to rise gracefully with the man himself."

"I quite understand," said Robert, with a cold, half-contemptuous smile: "his lordship fancied that connected with me there was some small faded remnants of gentility, attenuated merely through famine, which would be no great drawback to my success in life, and he therefore promised to put me in the way of fortune—for a consideration. He now finds that there is no gentility at all in the case; and although he has received the consideration, and knows that I was completely ignorant of his mental reservation, he withdraws from his promise."

"The statement is not complete," said Claudia, quite unmoved; "there is unfortunately not merely no gentility, as you phrase it, but something quite the reverse—in the case of one like you, appallingly so; and this obliges him to break his promise so far, simply by destroying his freedom of action."

"In the case of one like me! Why so, if I may presume so far?"

"Because you are not a man of society; because your family is a part of yourself; because they must rise with you, if you rise, side by side; because you would flaunt their vulgarity and ignorance in the eyes of the public; because you would endeavor to extort for them the same respect to which you were entitled yourself; and because the attempt would cover with ridicule not only you, but your supporters and everybody connected with you."

"You speak truly," said Robert, "so far as mere vulgarity and ignorance are concerned; but my case is worse than you suppose."

"Worse! Were your parents ever married?"

"Probably not."

"Was not your mother a menial servant?"

"Worse!"

"Do not your brothers and sisters wear on their very brows the ineffable stamp of poverty and low nurture?"

"Worse! worse!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that my origin is far lower than you imagine."

"What, then, were your parents?"

"Vagrants—beggars—probably thieves. If I have brothers and sisters, the stamp they bear may be the stamp of Cain."

"If? Then you do not know? You have shrunk with loathing and contempt from the contamination they would have brought?"

"I did not shrink; I do not loathe or contemn. What right have I to do so? I was born one of them, and we shared alike, doubtless, in those qualities that are a part of the gift of life. In me, when we were separated by circumstances I did not seek, these qualities were developed and grew healthy; in them, they either withered in embryo or sprang up into poisonous weeds. Me this education of circumstances introduced into the library of—a right honorable; them it conducted, too probably, to the workhouse or the hulks. I may loathe and despise their crimes, but I cannot do otherwise than love the criminals; and with regard to myself, I can only reflect with gratitude and awe on the accident, so to call it—as mere an accident, madam, as that of birth!—which has enabled me, to a certain extent, to control the circumstances by which I am surrounded, and has thus raised me to the dignity and freedom of a man."

Robert looked proudly into those wild eyes he had so often controlled before; but the blaze they now encountered was as powerful as the one it met, because sharing in its own nature. Claudia's pale cheek was overspread with a glow which entirely obliterated the faint lines of time, and restored all its radiant beauty to her countenance.

"Then you are truly," said she, "as I have heard, the foundling—the waif—of Wearyfoot Common! You are free to pursue your fortune in the world—to dare—to combat—to conquer it! You are alone, are you not?—alone, I say—alone!" and her figure seemed to expand, her nostrils dilated, her eyes lightened, and she looked with an aspiring and defiant gaze, as if at some object in the far distance.

"I am alone," replied Robert, catching no inspiration from the tone—"alone! I have no blood relation that I know of on the earth; and even between the strangers to whom I owe everything and the homeless vagrant they educated into a man, there will soon roll—as soon as I can accomplish it—many thousand miles of ocean." He spoke low and despondingly, for he felt as if the faint lone star of the Common was at that moment vanishing in the heavens; and the unequal breathing of Claudia was heard distinctly in the silence which his words seemed to mark rather than interrupt.

"But do not think," said he, recovering—"do not think that the avowed demands your pity any more than your scorn. The world has in our day entered into a new cycle; and the weak prejudices that still linger among us owe such shadowy vitality as they possess to little more than the mean traditions and abject imitations of the novelists. The light of knowledge, which has resolved the nebulae into stars, has established the individuality of men. No longer

crouching behind our ancestors, and concealing our insignificance under coats of arms, we stand forward, each according to his own lights, and look the heavens in the face. And even so are we judged by public opinion; and even so by the loftier, nobler spirits of the small fraction of the people to which such as you belong. Worth, talent, energy, are now more valuable than a whole gallery of family portraits—which serve only to afford a means of comparison, in most cases a humiliating one, between the feeble descendant and the strong ancestor. Look at us both, my lord, at this instant, and say which has the more cause for pride—I who have kept my engagement, or you who have forfeited yours?—I, who give you my time and labor as an alms, or you who pretended to purchase them?—I, the individual man destined to carve out my own fortune, or you, swathed as helplessly and hopelessly in by-gone generations as a mummy in its folds of perfumed linen?

"As for you, Miss Falcontower, I can only lament the blindness which darkens a fine spirit, and withdraws to mean and trivial objects those noble powers that if properly directed would achieve greatness and renown. To you I owe more than the interesting study you have yourself presented: I owe the materials for large and enlightened views of a section of life which is hidden from the vulgar in myths and symbols; I owe those revealings of the social world which one like me could acquire only through the teachings of an accomplished and high-bred woman. This debt I shall probably never be able to repay; but it may chance that I shall one day make such use of what I have learned as will

give you the satisfaction of knowing that your kindness and generosity have not been in vain." Robert bowed deferentially as he concluded and withdrew.

"Insufferable insolence!" cried Lord Luxton—"Claudia!"

"Hush! hush!"

"How is it possible to do anything for this man?"

"Hush, I say, hush!" She was looking towards the door, and threw back her hair impetuously from her ears to listen the more intently. An expression of doubt, wavering, terror was in her face, as she seemed to count the receding footfalls that would have been inaudible to ears not abnormally excited. Presently this expression changed, rapidly but not instantaneously, into courage, confidence, resolve. Then a single expiration of the breath seemed to burst the chains of years, and give her impatient spirit to life and freedom; a joyful and dazzling illumination overspread her face; she bounded with the elasticity of a girl to the door, flung it wide open, tossed up her curved arms laterally to give her lungs play, and as she threw forward her chest, gave forth her magnificent voice in a long, wild, exulting cry—

"Mr. Oaklands!" The house rang with the sound, which quivered with a thrill between pain and pleasure in the ears that heard it.

But it was lost to him for whom it was intended in the loud shutting of the street-door, and after a terrible moment of suspense, her high-wrought feelings collapsed, and Claudia for the first time in her life fainted, and fell senseless upon the floor.

From Chambers's Journal.

CROSS-THINKERS.

FOR what end it may have been designed, we cannot tell; but the fact is certain that, in all questions, great and small, public and private, there is a class of minds which are sure to embrace the side of weakest argument. For a palpable and certain truth such minds have no relish. A great broad principle, which recommends itself to the common sense of the bulk of mankind, is, in their eyes, an impertinence. In a doctrine everywhere prevalent and popular, they see only vulgarity. A deduction irresistibly logical, only excites in them the suspicion of some profounder error. If, on the other hand, you tell them something extremely hard to believe, they will make a manful struggle to swallow it, and probably will succeed. As Milton's Satan says: 'Evil, be thou my good,' so they cry: 'Sophism, be thou our reason!'

The pious Jesuit who said: 'I believe it because it is impossible,' was a type of this class. Any one can believe the possible—there is no merit in that; but to accept in unshrinking faith something utterly incongruous with experience and common sense, is to do that which few can do, and to do it is, accordingly, great glory. There is some vanity in the matter, after all. If I go with the multitude, my voice is lost in it. I

may be right, but I attract no attention. But if I stand up by myself, or with some small party or sect, and declare my attachment to some strangely heteroclitic ideas, I at least do not pass notelessly. The mass feel a little troubled by my dissent, and perhaps even think it worth while to take some pains to bring me over to their way of thinking. One becomes somebody in these circumstances.

It is also observable of this class of thinkers, that even when they concur with the majority in any profession of faith, they quite disregard all the leading and important points of the system, and fasten exclusively upon some merely external or accidental peculiarities. A fundamental doctrine which most men feel goes down into the profoundest depths of their moral being, has no attraction for them; but they are careful to see the upholstery and millinery of the system preserved in all their ancient integrity. Just because a thing looks of no consequence, they think it important. Were it really to become of consequence, they would desert it.

In any new political attitude of the nation, our friends are always seen, like Harry Wynd in the Scotch story, fighting for their own hand. While the country at large concurs in thinking the war with Russia necessary and just, however much to be deplored, Mr. Urquhart stands out, a solitary dervish, proclaiming that, in the secret

reality of the case, it is a conspiracy of the British ministers with the Czar against Turkey! According to him, we are to have a terrific war merely to mask an ulterior design totally opposite to what appears! Cross-thinkers never hesitate as to the amount of wickedness of which they believe human nature to be capable. To make out some favorite improbability, they would not hesitate to consider it possible, regarding a public man, that he would coolly order the sacrifice of two millions of fellow-creatures for the gratification of a whim; but they are sure to relieve from such charges all the real villains of the play, and to attach the possible guilt only to some individual noted for his philanthropy and good intentions.

An almost superhuman suspiciousness is a constant feature of the Cross-thinker. In his headlong tendency to suspect, he produces the most curious medley of ideas. He will proclaim of some noted demagogue, who has not a particle of religion in his constitution, that he is an emissary of the pope. He considers Mr. Cobden as secretly in the pay of the Czar. The Jesuits are figures in most of his plots; and the less they are seen in anything, he deems their presence there the more certain. According to him, an author is not the author of his own books. There is always some person behind backs who writes them for him. He may write some other body's books, but not his own. When the Cross-thinker sees a political opponent taking a course which shows a remarkable degree of moral courage, and obviously exposes him to damage in his worldly affairs, he feels assured there is some transcendental selfishness at the bottom of it. When the three thousand English clergy withdrew from their charges, rather than submit to the Act of Uniformity, he would have been quite clear that they had good grounds for expecting to better their incomes by what they were doing. A very martyr burning at the stake would scarcely get credit for sincerity with our Cross-thinker. There would be great reason to suspect that he had been all along acting a part, and at the last moment had expected to be reprieved.

In considering by what means any great result has been brought about, our friends overlook all the prominent and great causes, and seldom fail, with an air of mysterious sagacity, to draw our attention to certain others so small as to appear almost indifferent, or which possibly you are more inclined to rank as obstructions. For example, they would never think of attributing the best points of the general character of the gentlemen of England to either the inherent qualities of the stock, or what may be sound and good in the education to which they are subjected. They would profess to see some vast influence for good in the fagging-system of the public schools—that system by which a boy of fourteen is entitled to tyrannize over a boy of ten, and make a menial of him, as if it could be good for any one to be either oppressed or an oppressor. With a perverse ingenuity which would be amusing if it were not so sadly out of harmony with truth, our friends will argue for a virtue in that which is in reality a vice. They will give to a base, old, bad thing, which only has not succeed-

ed in preventing real intellectual and moral advancement, the credit of all the good which has been accomplished. The fact is, a true cause is a vulgar stupid thing, which anybody can appreciate. If you wish to make anything for yourself out of the case, you must strive to establish some no-cause as a cause—always the more merit the less tenable your propositions. Let no one be afraid of wanting support for his conclusions in favor of such improbabilities. Just in proportion to the untenableness of his doctrines, he will be the more certain to have a party rallying round him, to proclaim his amazing profoundness of view, his irresistible logic, his almost supernatural sagacity.

Cross-thinking has of course a literature of its own, and also a system of criticism. One Corypheus of the set writes a huge history, in which everything is traced to the least operative causes, and the lessons of all the principal events are duly misread. Another is the oracle of a journal, which for a long course of years has done all it can to resist whatever is calculated for the good of the community. In Cross-thinking criticism, you find all the swans of the great public described as geese, and all the geese as swans. Such was the case with Horace Walpole, of whom it is remarked that, all through his correspondence, he speaks favorably of only the second-rate geniuses. From his whimsical, jealous, and illiberal mind, it clearly appears that a manly appreciation of the true wits was not to be expected. The Cross-thinkers, however, are not always themselves of mean account in literature. It is rather a sad reflection, that some of the men of the most brilliant literary powers rank among those who devote themselves on all occasions to make the worse appear the better reason. Unfortunately to possess eloquence is not necessarily to possess also the inclination to use it solely for good ends. Crotchet and vanity take the direction of but too much of it. The very fact that it is much easier to make a stir with eccentric opinions, than with those which have the support of truth and general approbation, is the cause why an immense proportion of the talent which arises is from the first perverted, and ever afterwards misused. And we hardly know a more sad spectacle than that of a man of brilliant gifts being thus led into false relations to his species, and condemned at the end to look back upon efforts of which the best that can be said is only this, that they have not been sufficiently powerful to extinguish truth, or obstruct the course of civilization.

Cross-thinking has a great charm for young minds. It is quaint and striking, often droll—looks like something to which the few are privileged—is free from that vulgarity which is so apt to beset any great cause in which the sympathies and interests of multitudes are concerned. Hence young men of talent are extremely liable to fall into the habit, and so to get into connection with professions and parties from which they cannot afterwards shake themselves free. It is for them a great misfortune, for generally it tends to frustrate the benefits of what talent and education they may possess. Powers and accomplishments that might have advanced good objects for the

public, are then spent in a necessarily futile attempt to obstruct them. Some false glory may result. In other words, a foolish few will applaud, while the majority look on with wonder and pity. But in the long-run, all is found to have been barren, and wanting of true savor. The world will at the utmost accord the meed of

talents misapplied. Even from those who have all along been applauding, there will only be found that kind of support which the reckless gets from their friends, and the vicious from the companions of their iniquity. The final sentence is—"Here lies a man who chose to live in vain."

From Household Words.

COMPANY MANNERS.

VICTOR COUSIN, the French philosopher, has undertaken a new task within the last few years. Whether as a relaxation from, or a continuation of, his study of metaphysics, I do not know, but he has begun to write the biographies of some of the celebrated French women of the seventeenth century. In making out his list he is careful to distinguish between authoresses and "femmes d'esprit," ranking the latter infinitely the higher in every point of view. The first of his series is Jacqueline Pascal, the sister of Blaise, known at Port Royal as the Sister Euphemia—a holy, pure, and sainted woman. The second whom the grave philosopher has chosen as a subject for his biography is that beautiful, splendid sinner of the Fronde, the fair-haired Duchess de Longueville. He draws the pure and perfect outlines of Jacqueline Pascal's character with a severe and correct pencil; he paints the lovely duchess with the fond, admiring exaggeration of a lover. The wits of Paris in consequence have written the following epitaph for him:—"Here lies Victor Cousin, the great philosopher, in love with the Duchess de Longueville, who died a century-and-a-half before he was born."

Even the friends of this Duchess, insignificant in themselves, become dear and illustrious to Cousin for her fair sake. It is not long since he contributed an article on Madame de Sablé to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which has since been published separately, and which has suggested the thoughts and fancies that I am now going to lay before the patient public. This Madame de Sablé was, in her prime, an habitual guest at the Hôtel Rambouillet, the superb habitation which was the centre of the witty and learned as well as the pompous and pedantic society of Paris, in the days of Louis the Thirteenth. When these gatherings had come to an end after Madame de Rambouillet's death, and before Molière had turned the tradition thereof into exquisite ridicule, there were several attempts to form circles that should preserve some of the stately refinement of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Mademoiselle Scudery had her Saturdays; but, an authoress herself, and collecting around her merely clever people, without regard to birth or breeding, M. Cousin does not hold the idea of her Saturdays in high esteem. Madame de Sablé, a gentlewoman by birth, intelligent enough doubtless from having been an associate of Menage, Voiture, Madame de Sevigné, and others in the grand hotel (whose meetings must have been delightful enough at the time, though that wicked Molière has stepped between us and

them, and we can only see them as he chooses us to do); Madame de Sablé, friend of the resplendent fair-haired Duchess de Longueville, had weekly meetings which M. Cousin ranks far above the more pretentious Saturdays of Mademoiselle Scudery. In short, the last page of his memoir of Madame de Sablé—where we matter-of-fact English people are apt to put in praise of the morals and religion of the person whose life we have been writing—is devoted to this acme of praise. Madame de Sablé had all the requisites which enabled her "tenir un salon" with honor to herself and pleasure to her friends.

Apart from this crowning accomplishment, the good French lady seems to have been commonplace enough. She was well-born, well-bred, and the company she kept must have made her tolerably intelligent. She was married to a dull husband, and doubtless had her small flirtations after she early became a widow; M. Cousin hints at them, but they were never scandalous or prominently before the public. Past middle life, she took to the process of "making her salvation," and inclined to the Port-Royalists. She was given to liking dainty things to eat, in spite of her Jansenism. She had a female friend that she quarrelled with, off and on, during her life. And (to wind up something like Lady O'Looney, of famous memory) she knew how "tenir un salon." M. Cousin tells us that she was remarkable in no one thing or quality, and attributes to that simple fact the success of her life.

Now, since I have read these Memoirs of Madame de Sablé, I have thought much and deeply thereupon. At first I was inclined to laugh at the extreme importance which was attached to this art of "receiving company,"—no! that translation will not do—"holding a drawing-room" is even worse, because that implies the state and reserve of royalty;—shall we call it the art of "Sabléing?" But when I thought of my experience in English society; of the evenings dreaded before they came, and sighed over in recollection, because they were so ineffably dull; I saw that to Sablé well did require, as M. Cousin implied, the union of many excellent qualities and not-to-be-disputed little graces. I asked some French people if they could give me the recipe, for it seemed most likely to be traditional, if not still extant in their nation. I offer to you their ideas, fragmentary though they be, and then I will tell you some of my own; at last, perhaps, with the addition of yours, oh most worthy readers! we may discover the lost art of Sabléing.

Said the French lady: "A woman to be successful in Sabléing must be past youth, yet not past the power of attracting. She must do this

by her sweet and gracious manners, and quick, ready tact in perceiving those who have not had their share of attention, or leading the conversation away from any subject which may give pain to any one present." "Those rules hold good in England," said I. My friend went on: "She should never be prominent in anything; she should keep silence as long as any one else will talk; but when conversation flags, she should throw herself into the breach with the same spirit with which I notice that the young ladies of the house, where a ball is given, stand quietly by till the dancers are tired, and then spring into the arena to carry on the spirit and the music till the others are ready to begin again."

"But," said the French gentleman, "even at this time, when subjects for conversation are wanted, she should rather suggest than enlarge—ask questions rather than give her own opinions."

"To be sure," said the lady. "Madame Recamier, whose salons were the most perfect of this century, always withheld her opinions on books, or men, or measures, until all around her had given theirs; then she, as it were, collected and harmonized them, saying a kind thing here, and a gentle thing there, and speaking ever with her own quiet sense, till people the most opposed learnt to understand each other's point of view, which it is a great thing for opponents to do."

"Then the number of the people whom you receive is another consideration. I should say not less than twelve, nor more than twenty," continued the gentleman. "The evenings should be appointed—say weekly,—fortnightly at the beginning of January, which is our season. Fix an early hour for opening the room. People are caught then in their freshness, before they become exhausted by other parties."

"The lady spoke: "For my part, I prefer catching my friends after they have left the grander balls or receptions. One hears then the remarks, the wit, the reason, and the satire which they had been storing up during their evening of imposed silence, or of ceremonious speaking."

"A little good-humored satire is a very agreeable sauce," replied the gentleman, "but it must be good-humored, and the listeners must be good-humored; above all, the conversation must be general, and not the chat, chat, chat up in a corner, by which the English so often distinguish themselves. You do not go into society to exchange secrets with your intimate friends; you go to render yourselves agreeable to every one present, and to help all to pass a happy evening."

"Strangers should not be admitted," said the lady, taking up the strain. "They would not start fair with the others; they would be ignorant of the illusions that refer to conversations on the previous evenings; they would not understand the—what shall I call it—slang? I mean those expressions having relation to past occurrences, or by-gone witticisms common to all those who are in the habit of meeting."

Madame de Duras and Madame Recamier never made advances to any stranger. Their saloons were the best that Paris has known in this generation. All who wished to be admitted,

had to wait and prove their fitness by being agreeable elsewhere; to earn their diploma, as it were, among the circles of these ladies' acquaintances; and at last, it was a high favor to be received by them."

"They missed the society of many celebrities by adhering so strictly to this unspoken rule," said the gentleman.

"Bah!" said the lady. "Celebrities! what has one to do with them in society? As to celebrities, they are simply bores. Because a man has discovered a planet, it does not follow that he can converse agreeably, even on his own subjects; often people are drained dry by one action or expression of their lives—drained dry for all the purposes of a 'salon.' The writer of books, for instance, cannot afford to talk twenty pages for nothing, so he is either profoundly silent, or else he gives you the mere rinsings of his mind. I am speaking now of him as a mere celebrity, and justifying the wisdom of the ladies we were speaking of, in not seeking after such people; indeed, in being rather shy of them. Some of their friends were the most celebrated people of their day, but they were received in their old capacity of agreeable men; a higher character, by far. Then," said she, turning to me, "I believe that you English spoil the perfection of conversation by having your rooms as brilliantly lighted for an evening, the charm of which depends on what one hears, as for an evening when youth and beauty are to display themselves among flowers and festoons, and every kind of pretty ornament. I would never have a room affect people as being dark on their first entrance into it; but there is a kind of moonlight as compared to sunlight, in which people talk more freely and naturally; where shy people will enter upon a conversation without a dread of every change of color or involuntary movement being seen—just as we are always more confidential over a fire than anywhere else—as women talk most openly in the dimly-lighted bedroom at curling-time."

"Away with your shy people," said the gentleman. "Persons who are self-conscious, thinking of an involuntary redness or paleness, an unbecoming movement of the countenance, more than the subject of which they are talking, should not go into society at all. But, because women are so much more liable to this nervous weakness than men, the preponderance of people in a salon should always be on the side of the men."

I do not think I gained more hints as to the lost art from my French friends. Let us see if my own experience in England can furnish any more ideas.

First, let us take the preparations to be made before our house, our room, or our lodgings, can be made to receive society. Of course I am not meaning the preparations needed for dancing or musical evenings. I am taking those parties which have pleasant conversation and happy social intercourse for their affirmed intention. They may be dinners, suppers, tea—I don't care what they are called, provided their end is defined. If your friends have not dined, and it suits you to give them a dinner, in the name of Lucullus, let them dine; but take care that there shall be

something besides the mere food and wine to make their fattening agreeable at the time, and pleasant to remember, otherwise you had better pack up for each his portion of the dainty dish, and send it separately in hot-water trays, so that he can eat comfortably behind a door, like Sancho Panza, and have done with it. And yet I don't see why we should be like ascetics; I fancy there is a grace of preparation, a sort of festive trumpet-call, that is right and proper to distinguish the day on which we receive our friends from common days, unmarked by such white stones. The thought and care we take for them to set before them of our best, may imply some self-denial on our less fortunate days. I have been in houses where all, from the scullion maid upward, worked double tides gladly, because "Master's friends" were coming; and everything must be nice, and good, and all the rooms must look bright and clean, and pretty. And, as a "merry heart goes all the way," preparations made in this welcoming, hospitable spirit never seem to tire any one half so much as where servants instinctively feel that it has been said in the parlor, "We must have so-and-so," or "Oh dear! we have never had the so-and-so's." Yes, I like a little pomp and luxury, and stateliness, to mark our happy days of receiving friends as a festival; but I do not think I would throw my power of procuring luxuries solely into the eating and drinking line.

My friends would probably be surprised (some wear caps and some wigs) if I provided them with garlands of flowers, after the manner of the ancient Greeks; but, put flowers on the table (none of your shams, wax or otherwise; I prefer an honest wayside root of primroses in a common vase of white ware, to the grandest bunch of stiff-rustling artificial rarities in a silver épergne). A flower or two by the side of each person's plate would not be out of the way, as to expense, and would be a very agreeable, pretty piece of mute welcome. Cooks and scullion maids, acting in the sympathetic spirit I have described, would do their very best, from boiling the potatoes well, to sending in all the dishes in the best possible order. I think I would have every imaginary dinner sent up on the Original Mr. Walker's plan; each dish separately, hot and hot. I have an idea that when I go to live in Utopia (not before next Christmas), I will have a kind of hot-water sideboard, such as I think I have seen in great houses, and that nothing shall appear on the table but what is pleasant to the eye. However simple the food, I would do it, and my friends (and may I not add the Giver?) the respect of presenting it at table as well-cooked, as eatable, as wholesome as my poor means allowed; and to this end rather than to a variety of dishes, would I direct my care. We have no associations with beef and mutton; geese may remind us of the Capitol; and peacocks of Juno; a pigeon-pie of "the simplicity of Venus's doves;" but who thinks of the leafy covert which has been her home in life, when he sees a roasted hare? Now, flowers as an ornament, do lead our thoughts away from their present beauty and fragrance. I am almost sure Madame de Sablé had flowers in her salon, and

as she was fond of dainties herself, I can fancy her smooth benevolence of character taking delight in some personal preparations made in the morning for the anticipated friends of the evening. I can fancy her stewing sweet-breads in a silver saucepan, or dressing salad with her delicate, plump, white hands; not that I ever saw a silver saucepan. I was formerly ignorant enough to think that they were only used in the Sleeping Beauty's kitchen, or in the preparations for the marriage of Riquet-with-the-Tuft; but I have been assured that there are such things, and that they impart a most delicate flavor, or no flavor to the victuals cooked therein; so I assert again, Madame de Sablé cooked sweet-breads for her friends in a silver saucepan; but never to fatigue herself with those previous labors. She knew the true taste of her friends too well; they cared for her firstly, as an element in their agreeable evening—the silver saucepan in which they were all to meet; the oil in which their several ingredients were to be softened of what was harsh or discordant—very secondary would be their interests in her sweet-breads.

Of sweet-breads they'll get mony an ane,
Of Sable ne'er anither.

But part of my care beforehand should go to the homely article of waiting. I should not mind having none at all; a dumb waiter, pepper, salt, bread, and condiments within the reach or by the side of all. Little kindly attentions from one guest to another tend to take off the selfish character of the mere act of eating; and, besides, the guests would (or should) be too well educated, too delicate of tact, to interrupt a burst of wit, or feeling, or eloquence, as a mere footman often does with the perpetual "Sherry or Madeira?" or with the names of those mysterious entremets that always remind me of a white kid glove that I once ate with Vsechamel sauce, and found very tender and good, under the name of Oreilles de Veau à-la-something, but which experiment I never wish to repeat. There is something graceful and kindly in the little attention by which one guest silently puts by his neighbor all that he may require. I consider it a better opening to ultimate friendship, if my unknown neighbor mutely passes me the salt, or silently understands that I like sugar to my soup, than if he had been introduced by his full name and title, and labelled with the one distinguishing action or book of his life, after the manner of some who are rather show-men than hosts.

But to return to the subject of waiting. I have always believed that the charm of those little suppers, famous from time immemorial as the delightful P. S. to operas, was that there was no formal waiting, or over-careful arrangement of the table; a certain sweet neglect pervaded all, very compatible with true elegance. The perfection of waiting is named in the story of the White Cat, where, if you remember, the hero prince is waited upon by hands without bodies, as he sits at table with the White Cat, and is served with that delicate fricassee of mice. By hands without bodies, I am very far from meaning hands without heads. Some people prefer female

waiters: foot-women as it were. I have weighed both sides of the subject well in my mind, before sitting down to write this paper, and my verdict goes in favor of men; for, all other things being equal, their superior strength gives them the power of doing things without effort, and consequently with less noise than any woman. The quiet ease and solemn soundless movement of some men-servants is wonderful to watch. Last summer I was staying in a house served by such list-shod, soft-spoken, velvet-handed domestics. One day the butler touched a spoon with a fork; the master of the house looked at him as Jupiter may have looked at Hebe, when she made that clumsy step. "No noise, sir, if you please;" and we, as well as the servant, were hushed into the solemn stillness of the room, and were graced and genteel, if not merry and sociable. Still, bursts and clashes, and clatters at the side-table, do disturb conversation; and I maintain that for avoiding these, men-servants are better than women. Women have to add an effort to the natural exercise of what strength they possess before they can lift heavy things—surloins of beef, saddles of mutton, and the like; and they cannot calculate the additional force of such an effort, so down come the dish and the mutton and all, with a sound and a splash that surprises us even more than the Phillis, who is neat handed only when she has to do with things that require delicacy and lightness of touch, not struggle of arm.

And, now I think of it, *Mademoiselle de Sablé* must have taken the White Cat for her model; there must evidently have been the same noiseless ease and grace about the movements of both—the same purring, happy, inarticulate moments of satisfaction, when surrounded by pleasant circumstances, must have been uttered by both. My own mouth has watered before now at the account of that fricassee of mice prepared especially for the White Cat; and *M. Cousin* alludes more than once to *Madame de Sablé's* love for "frandises." *Madame de S.* avoided the society of literary women, and so I am sure did the White Cat. Both had an instinctive sense of what was comfortable; both loved home with tenacious affection; and yet I am mistaken if each had not their own little private love of adventure—touches of the gipsy.

The reason why I think *Madame de Sablé* had this touch in her is because she knew how "tenir un salon." You do not see the connection between gipsyism and the art of being a good hostess,—of receiving pleasantly. I do; but I am not sure if I can explain it. In the first place, gipsies must be people of quick impulse and ready wit; entering into fresh ideas and new modes of life with joyous ardor and energy, and fertile in expedients for extricating themselves from the various difficulties into which their wandering life leads them. They must have a lofty disregard for "convenances," and yet a power of graceful adaptation. They evidently have a vivid sense of the picturesque, and a love of adventure, which, if it does not show itself in action, must show itself in sympathy with other's doings. Now, which of these qualities would be out of place in *Madame de Sablé*? From what

we read of the life of her contemporary, *Madame de Sevigné*, we see that impromptu expedients were necessary in those times, when the thought of the morning made the pleasure of the evening, and when people snatched their enjoyments from hand to mouth, as it were, while yet six-weeks invitations were not. Now, I have noticed that in some parties where we were all precise and sensible, ice-bound under some indefinable stiff restraint, some little domestic contretemps, if frankly acknowledged by the hostess, has suddenly unloosed tongues and hearts in a supernatural manner:—

"The upper air bursts into life,"

more especially if some unusual expedient had not to be resorted to, giving the whole the flavor and zest of a pic-nic. Toasting bread in a drawing-room, coaxing up a half-extinguished fire by dint of brown sugar, newspapers, and pretty good-for-nothing bellows, turning a packing-case upside down for a seat, and covering in with a stray piece of velvet; these are, I am afraid, the only things that can call upon us for unexpected exertion, now that all is arranged and rearranged for every party a month beforehand. But I have lived in other times, and other places. I have been in the very heart and depths of Wales; within three miles of the house of the high sheriff of the county, who was giving a state-dinner on a certain day, to which the gentleman with whom I was staying was invited. He was on the point of leaving his house in his little Norwegian carriage, and we were on the point of sitting down to dinner, when a man rode up in hot haste—a servant from the high sheriff's came to beg for our joint off the spit. Fish, game, poultry—they had all the delicacies of their own land; but the butcher from the nearest market town had failed them, and at the last moment they had to send off a groom-a-begging to their neighbors. My relation departed ignorant of our dinnerless state, but he came back in great delight with his party. After the soup and fish had been removed, there had been a long pause (the joint had got cold on its ride, and had to be re-warmed); a message was brought to the host, who had immediately confided his perplexity to his guests, and put it to the vote whether they would wait for the joint, or have the order of the courses changed, and eat the third before the second. Every one had enjoyed the merry dilemma; the ice was broken, and all went on pleasantly and easily in a party where there was rather a heterogeneous mixture of politics and opinions. Dinner parties in those days and in that part of Wales were somewhat regulated by the arrival of the little sailing vessels, which having discharged their cargo at Bristol or Liverpool, brought back commissioned purchases for the different families. A chest of oranges for Mr. Williams, or Mr. Wynn, was a sure signal that before many days were over, Mr. Williams or Mr. Wynn would give a dinner-party; strike while the iron was hot; eat while the oranges were fresh. A man rode round to all the different houses when any farmer planned such a mighty event as killing a cow,

to ask what part each family would take. Visiting acquaintances lived ten or twelve miles from each other, separated by bad and hilly roads; the moon had always to be consulted before issuing invitations: and then the mode of proceeding was usually something like this. The invited friends came to dinner at half-past five or six; these were always those from the greatest distance,—the nearer neighbors came later on in the evening. After the gentlemen had left the dining-room, it was cleared for dancing. The fragments of the dinner, prepared by ready cooks, served for supper; tea was ready sometime towards one or two, and the dancers went merrily on till a seven or eight o'clock breakfast, after which they rode or drove home by broad daylight. I was never at one of these meetings, although staying in a house from which many went; I was considered too young; but from what I heard they were really excessively pleasant, sociable gatherings, although not quite entitled to be classed with *Madame de Sablé's salons*.

To return to the fact that a slightly gipsy and impromptu character, either in the hostess or in the arrangements, or in the amusements, adds a piquancy to the charm; let any one remember the agreeable private teas that go on in many houses about five o'clock. I remember those in one house particularly, as remarkably illustrating what I am trying to prove. These teas were held in a large dismantled school-room, and a superannuated school-room is usually the most doleful chamber imaginable. I never saw this by full daylight, I only know that it was lofty and large, that we went to it through a long gallery library, through which we never passed at any other time, the school-room having been accessible to the children in former days by a private staircase—that great branches of trees swept against the windows with a long plaintive moan, as if tortured by the wind,—that below in the stable-yard two Irish stag-hounds sent up their musical bays to mingle with the outlandish Spanish which a parrot in the room continually talked out of the darkness in which its perch was placed,—that the walls of the room seemed to recede as in a dream, and, instead of them, the flickering firelight painted tropical forests or Norwegian fiords, according to the will of our talkers. I know this tea was nominally private to the ladies, but that all the gentlemen strayed in most punctually by accident,—that the fire was always in that state when somebody had to poke with the hard blows of despair, and somebody else to fetch in logs of wood from the basket outside, and somebody else to unload his pockets of fir-bobs, which last were always efficacious, and threw beautiful dancing lights far and wide. And then there was a black kettle, long ago too old for kitchen use, that leaked, and ran, and sputtered against the blue and sulphur-colored flames, and did everything that was improper, but the water out of which made the best tea in the world, which we drank out of unmatched cups, the relics of several school-room sets. We ate thick bread and butter in the darkness with a vigor of appetite which had quite disappeared at the well-lighted eight o'clock dinner. Who ate it I don't know, for we stole from our places round the fireside to the

tea-table in comparative darkness in the twilight near the window, and helped ourselves, and came back on tiptoe to hear one of the party tell of wild enchanted spiey islands in the Eastern Archipelago, or buried cities in farthest Mexico; he used to look into the fire, and draw, and paint with words in a manner perfectly marvellous, and with an art which he had quite lost at the formal dinner-time. Our host was scientific; a name of high repute; he too told us of wonderful discoveries, strange surmises, glimpses into something far away and utterly dream-like. His son had been in Norway, fishing; then, when he sat all splashed with hunting, he too could tell of adventures in a natural racy way. The girls, busy with their heavy kettle, and with their tea making, put in a joyous word now and then. At dinner the host talked of nothing more intelligible than French mathematics; the heir drowled out an infinite deal of nothing about the "Shakspeare and musical glasses" of the day; the traveller gave us latitudes and longitudes, and rates of population, exports and imports, with the greatest precision; and the girls were as pretty, helpless, inane fine ladies as you would wish to see.

Speaking of wood fires, reminds me of *Madame de Sablé's* fires. Of course they were of wood, being in Paris; but I believe that even if she had lived in a coal country she would have burned wood by instinctive preference, as a lady I once knew always ordered a lump of cannel coal to be brought up if ever her friends seemed silent and dull. A wood-fire has a kind of spiritual, dancing, glancing life about it. It is an elfish companion, crackling, hissing, bubbling; throwing out beautiful jets of vivid many-colored flame. The best wood-fires I know are those at Keswick. Making lead-pencils is the business of the place; and the cedar chips for scent, and the thinnings of the larch and fir plantations thereabouts for warm and brilliant light, make such a fire as *Madame de Sablé* would have delighted in.

Depend upon it too, every seat in her saloon was easy and comfortable of its kind. They might not be made of any rare kind of wood, nor covered very magnificently, but the bodies of her friends could rest and repose in them in easy unconstrained attitudes. No one can be agreeable, perched on a chair which does not afford space for proper support. I defy the most accomplished professional wit to go on uttering "mots" in a chair with a stiff hard upright back, or with his legs miserably dangling. No! *Madame de Sablé's* seats were commodious, and probably varied to suit all tastes; nor was there anything in the shape of a large and cumbrous article of furniture placed right in the middle of her room, so as to prevent her visitors from changing their places, or drawing near to each other, or to the fire, if they so willed it. I imagine likewise that she had that placid, kindly manner which would never show any loss of self-possession. I fancy that there was a welcome ready for all, even though some came a little earlier than they were expected.

I was once very much struck by the perfect breeding of an old Welsh herbwoman with whom

I drank tea,—a tea which was not tea after all,—an infusion of balm and black currant leaves, with a pinch of lime blossom to give it a Pekoe flavor. She had boasted of the delicacy of this beverage to me on the previous day, and I had begged to be allowed to come and drink a cup with her. The only drawback was that she had but one cup, but she immediately bethought her that she had two saucers, one of which would do just as well, indeed better than any cup. I was anxious to be in time, and so I was too early. She had not done dusting and rubbing when I arrived, but she made no fuss; she was glad to see me, and quietly bade me welcome, though I had come before all was as she could have wished. She gave me a dusted chair, sat down herself with her killed petticoats and working apron, and talked to me as if she had not a care or a thought on her mind but the enjoyment of the present time. By and by, in moving about the room, she slipped behind the bed-curtain, still conversing. I heard the splash of water, and a drawer open and shut; and then my hostess emerged spruce, and clean, and graced, but not one whit more agreeable or at her ease than she had been for the previous half-hour in her working dress.

There are a set of people who put on their agreeableness with their gowns. Here, again, I have studied the subject, and the result is that I find people of this description are more pleasant in society in their second-best than in their very best dresses. These last are new; and the persons I am speaking of never feel thoroughly at home in them, never lose their consciousness of unusual finery until the first stain has been made. With their best gowns they put on an unusual fineness of language; they say "commence" instead of "begin;" they enquire if they may "assist" instead of asking if they may "help" you to anything. And yet there are some, very far from vain or self-conscious, who are never so agreeable as when they have a dim half-defined idea that they are looking their best—not in finery, but in air, arrangement, or complexion. I have a notion, that Madame de Sablé, with her fine instincts, was aware of this, and that there were one or two secrets about the furniture and disposition of light in her saloon which are lost in these degenerate days. I heard, or read, lately, that we make a great mistake in furnishing our reception-rooms with all the light and delicate colors, the profusion of ornament, and flecked and spotted chintzes, if we wish to show off the human face and figure; that our ancestors and the great painters knew better, with their somewhat sombre and heavy-tinted back-grounds, relieving or throwing out into full relief the rounded figure and the delicate peach-like complexion.

I fancy Madame de Sablé's saloon was furnished with deep warm soberness of tone, lightened up by flowers, and happy animated people, in a brilliancy of dress, which would be lost now-a-days against our satin walls, and flower-bestrewn carpets, and gilding, gilding everywhere. Then, somehow, conversation must have flown naturally into sense or nonsense, as the case might be. People must have gone to her house

well prepared for either lot. It might be that wit would come uppermost, sparkling, crackling, leaping, calling out echoes all around; or the same people might talk with all their might and wisdom, on some grave and important subject of the day, in that manner which we have got into the way of calling earnest," but which term has struck me as being slightly flavored by cant, ever since I heard of an "earnest uncle." At any rate, whether grave or gay, people did not go up to Madame de Sablé's saloons with a set purpose of being either the one or the other. They were carried away by the subject of the conversation, by the humor of the moment. I have visited a good deal among a set of people who piqued themselves on being rational. We have talked what they called sense, but what I called platitudes, till I have longed, like Southey in the Doctor, to come out with some interminable nonsensical word (*Aballibogibouganorribo* was his, I think), as a relief for my despair at not being able to think of anything more that was sensible. It would have done me good to have said it, and I could have started afresh on the rational tack. But I never did. I sank into inane silence, which I hope was taken for wisdom. One of this set paid a relation of mine a profound compliment, for so she meant it to be, "Oh, Miss F.! you are so trite!" But as it is not in every one's power to be rational, and "trite," at all times and in all places, discharging our sense at a given place, like water from a fireman's hose; and as some of us are cisterns rather than fountains, and may have our stores exhausted, why is it not more general to call in other aids to conversation, in order to enable us to pass an agreeable evening?

But I will come back to this presently. Only let me say that there is but one thing more tiresome than an evening when everybody tries to be profound and sensible, and that is an evening when everybody tries to be witty. I have a disagreeable sense of effort and unnaturalness at both times; but the everlasting attempt, even when it succeeds, to be clever and amusing, is the worse of the two. People try to say brilliant rather than true things; they not only catch eager hold of the superficial and ridiculous in other persons, and in events generally, but from constantly looking out for subjects for jokes, and "mots," and satire, they come possessed of a kind of sore susceptibility themselves, and are afraid of their own working selves, and dare not give way to any expression of feeling, or any noble indignation or enthusiasm. This kind of wearying wit is far different from humor, which wells up and forces its way out irrepressibly, and calls forth smiles and laughter, but not very far apart from tears. Depend upon it, some of Madame de Sablé's friends had been moved in a most abundant and genial measure. They knew how to narrate too. Very simple, say you? I say, no! I believe the art of telling a story is born with some people, and these have it to perfection; but all might acquire some expertness in it, and ought to do so, before launching out into the muddled, complex, hesitating, broken, disjointed, poor, bald accounts of events, which have neither unity, nor color, nor life, nor end in them, that one sometimes hears.

But as to the rational parties that are in truth so irrational, when all talk up to an assumed character, instead of showing themselves what they really are, and so extending each other's knowledge of the infinite and beautiful capacities of human nature — whenever I see the grave, sedate faces, with their good but anxious expression, I remember how I was once, long ago, at a party like this; every one had brought out his or her wisdom, and aired it for the good of the company; one or two had, from a sense of duty, and without any special living interest in the matter, improved us by telling us of some new scientific discovery, the details of which were all and each of them wrong, as I learnt afterwards: (if they had been right, we should not have been any the wiser): and just at the pitch when any more useful information might have brought on congestion of the brain, a stranger to the town, a beautiful, audacious, but most feminine romp, proposed a game, and such a game, for us wise men of Gotham! But she (now long still and quiet after her bright life, so full of pretty pranks) was a creature whom all who looked on loved; and with grave hesitating astonishment we knelt round a circular table at her word of command. She made one of the circle, and producing a feather, out of some sofa-pillow, she told us she should blow it up into the air, and whichever of us it floated near, must puff away to keep it from falling on the table. I suspect we all looked like Keeley in the Camp at Cobham, and were surprised at our own obedience to this ridiculous, senseless mandate, given with a graceful imperiousness, as if it were too royal to be disputed. We knelt on, puffing away with the utmost intentness, looking like a set of elderly — “Fools!” No! my dear sir. I was going to say elderly cherubim. But making fools of ourselves, was better than making owls, as we had been doing.

I will mention another party, where a game of some kind would have been a blessing. It was at a very respectable tradesman's house. We went at half-past four, and found a well-warmed handsome sitting-room, with block upon block of unburnt coal behind the fire; on the table there was a tray with wine and cake, oranges and almonds and raisins, of which we were urged to partake. In half an hour came tea; none of your flimsy meals, with wafer-bread and butter, and three biscuits and a half. This was a grave and serious proceeding: tea, coffee, bread of all kinds, cold fowl, tongue, ham, potted meats — I don't know what. Tea lasted about an hour, and then the cake-and-wine tray was restored to its former place. The stock of subjects of common interest was getting low, and, in spite of our good will, long stretches of silence occurred, producing a stillness which made our host nervously attack the fire, and stir it up to a yet greater glow of intense heat; and the hostess invariably rose at such times, and urged us to “eat another maccaroon.” The first I revelled in, the second I enjoyed, the third I got through, the fourth I sighed over, the fifth reminded me uncomfortably of that part of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, where he feeds a donkey with maccaroons — and when, at the sight of the

sixth, I rose to come away, a burst of imploring, indignant surprise greeted me: “You are surely never going before supper!” I stopped. I ate that supper. Hot jugged hare, hot roast turkey, hot boiled ham, hot apple-tart, hot toasted cheese. No wonder I am old before my time. Now these good people were really striving, and taking pains, and laying out money, to make the evening pass agreeably; but the only way they could think of, to amuse their guests, was, giving them plenty to eat. If they had asked one of their children, they could doubtless have suggested half a dozen games, which we could all have played at when our subjects of common interest failed, and which would have carried us over the evening quietly and simply, if not brilliantly. But in many a small assemblage of people, where the persons collected are incongruous, where talking cannot go on through so many hours, without becoming flat or labored, why have we not of-ten resorted to games of some kind?

Wit, Advice, Bout-rimés, Lights, Spanish Merchant, Twenty Questions, — every one knows these, and many more, if they would only not think it beneath them to be called upon by a despairing hostess to play at them. Of course to play them well requires a little more exertion of intellect than quoting other people's sense and wisdom, or misquoting science. But I do not think it takes as much thought and memory, and consideration, as it does to be “up” in the science of good eating and drinking. A profound knowledge of this branch of learning seems in general to have absorbed all the faculties before it could be brought to anything like perfection. So I do not consider games as entailing so much mental fatigue as a man must undergo before he is qualified to decide upon dishes. I once noticed the worn and anxious look of a famous diner-out, when called upon by his no less anxious host to decide upon the merits of a salad, mixed by no hands, as you may guess, but those of the host in question. The guest, doctor of the art of good living, tasted, paused, tasted again, — and then, with gentle solemnity, gave forth his condemnatory opinion. I happened to be his next neighbor, and slowly turning his meditative full-moon face round to me, he gave me the valuable information that to eat a salad in perfection some one should be racing from lettuce to shallot, from shallot to endive, and so on, all the time that soup and fish were being eaten; that the vegetables should be gathered, washed, sliced, blended, eaten, all in a quarter of an hour. I bowed as in the presence of a master; and felt, no wonder his head was bald, and his face heavily wrinkled.

I have said nothing of books. Yet I am sure that if Madame de Sablé lived now, they would be seen in her salon as part of its natural indispensable furniture; not brought out, and strewed here and there when “company was coming,” but as habitual presences in her room, wanting which, she would want a sense of warmth and comfort and companionship. Putting out books as a sort of preparation for an evening, as a means for making it pass agreeably, is running a great risk. In the first place, books are by such people, and on such occasions, chosen more for their outside than their inside. And in the next

they are the "mere material with which wisdom (or wit) builds;" and if persons don't know how to use the material, they will suggest nothing. I imagine Madame de Sablé would have the volumes she herself was reading, or those which, being new, contained matter of present interest, left about, as they would naturally be. I could also fancy that her guests would not feel bound to talk continually, whether they had anything to say or not, but that there might be pauses of not unpleasant silence—a quiet darkness out of which they might be certain that the little stars would glimmer soon. I can believe that in such pauses of repose, some one might open a book, and catching on a suggestive sentence, might dash off again into the full flow of conversation. But I cannot fancy any grand preparations for what was to be said among people, each of whom brought the best dish in bringing himself; and whose own store of living, individual thought and feeling, and mother-wit, would be infinitely better than any cut-and-dry determination to devote the evening to mutual improvement. If people are really good and wise, their goodness and their wisdom flow out unconsciously, and benefit like sunlight. So, books for reference, books for impromptu suggestion, but never books to serve for texts to a lecture. Engravings fall under something like the same rules. To some they say everything; to ignorant and unprepared minds nothing. I remember noticing this in watching how people looked at a very valuable portfolio belonging to an acquaintance of mine,

which contained engraved and authentic portraits of almost every possible person; from king and kaiser down to notorious beggars, and criminals; including all the celebrated men, women, and actors whose likenesses could be obtained. To some, this portfolio gave food for observation, meditation and conversation. It brought before them every kind of human tragedy,—every variety of scenery and costume and gossiping in the background, thronged with figures called up by their imagination. Others took them up and laid them down, simply saying, "This is a pretty face!" "Oh what a pair of eyebrows!" "Look at this queer dress!"

Yet, after all, having something to take up and to look at, is a relief and of use to persons who, without being self-conscious, are nervous from not being accustomed to society. Oh Cassandra! Remember when you with your rich gold coins of thought, with your noble power of choice expression, were set down, and were thankful to be set down, to look at some paltry engravings, just because people did not know how to get at your ore, and you did not care a button whether they did or not, and were rather bored by their attempts, the end of which you never found out. While I, with my rattling tinselly rubbish, was thought "agreeable and an acquisition!" You would have been valued at Madame de Sablé's, where the sympathetic and intellectual stream of conversation would have borne you and your golden fragments away with it, by its soft resistless gentle force.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE ANT-EATER.

WHAT a curious beast! Which is his head, and which is his tail? Surely he has got no mouth! Is that what they call a Python? Such were the exclamations I heard when present at one of the first levees given to the British public by Seignor Ant-Eater. The man who thought he was looking at a Python (it was Monday, and therefore a sixpenny day) had seen outside the building the words "To the Pythons" posted up in gigantic type, the card of the stranger not being at that time ready, and therefore he came fully prepared to see a python, and nothing but a python. Had he looked at the "Times" that morning he would have been aware "that an adult example of the giant Ant-Eater had been added to the collection."

Certainly he has been added to the collection, but the addition will appear to those who don't go at the proper time very much like a bundle of hay tumbled into the corner of the den. The ant-eater receives not the public indiscriminately, he is "at home" only at dinner time, at which time, like most of ourselves, he is wide awake and ready for action. The opening of the keeper's door, and the cracking of sundry egg-shells on the side of his tin soup plate, is his dinner bell, and it is quite astonishing to see how soon these welcome sounds awake him, though but five minutes before all the hists, and the heys, and the umbrella stampings of yon old

gentleman seemed only to deepen his lethargic slumbers. At length the clock strikes four, and the door opens. At this moment the bundle of hay unfolds itself, and out stalks *monstrum horrendum informe ingens*, which monster, nevertheless, has been dubbed with the high sounding title of *Myrmecophaga jubata*, which, being interpreted, meaneth, the Maned Ant-Eater, *μυρμηξ*, an ant, *φάγω*, to eat. Jubata, from juba, a crest, which little lesson reminds us forcibly of former days when, trembling with fear of the schoolmaster's rose-wood ruler, we mechanically committed to our infantine memory the meaning of the word Geography.

Being a *distingue* among animals, like great folks among ourselves, he has more names than one. The Indians of Brazil (who rejoice in the crack-jaw appellation of Qjuarani) call him the "Youroumi," which D'Azara tells us signifies in Spanish "Boca Chica," or little mouth. The Portuguese call him "Tamandua," a name equivalent to ant-bear; the French of Cayenne, by the elegant name of Tamanoré; and, lastly, his indulgent keeper at the Zoological, trusting to intimate acquaintanceship, takes the liberty of addressing this many-titled quadruped by the familiar term of "Tit," a name which his highness is condescending enough to "answer to," as the dog-dealer would say.

The appellation of maned, would well suit the animal, if, like the horse at the country fair, his tail were where his head ought to be. The mane is developed, not on his neck and along his back,

but upon the lower side of his tail, whilst the actual naked head appears much more like a tail than a head; in fact, it much resembles the stump of a thing as worn by the fast-trotting butcher's nag with a "rat-tail."

The color of the ant-eater is a grayish-brown, with an oblique black band bordered with white on each shoulder. The hair is very peculiar: in fact, it can hardly be called hair at all, being very like that kind of strong hard grass of which brushes and carpet-brooms are now made.

The possessor of this grassy thatch seems just now to be in a state of moult, for the floor of his den is covered with cast-off portions of his external garment. We have collected several of these bristle-like hairs; they seem to be of two kinds. One kind is long, very tough, and of a black color: these belong to his crest, which is, as I have before stated, to be found not on his neck, but on his tail; the others are shorter, and resemble much the porcupine's quill in their markings, viz., black and white bands alternately succeeding each other.

The ant-eater has another similarity to the porcupine, for when angry or annoyed at anything, he can, to a certain extent, cause his quasi-quills to stand erect, thereby adding greatly to his bodily dimensions, as does puss on the approach of her canine persecutor.

A section of one of these ant-eater hairs, when placed under the microscope, informs us that they are hollow in the centre, and are of an oval shape, the external coats being composed of an exceedingly hard material; a thin section of a cat's whisker presents a somewhat similar appearance.

Our friend is not only shedding his coat, but also the skin of his trumpet-shaped head, and every now and then, as his keeper describes, he may be seen "shelling his nose," by means of his inbent claw, the shape of which exactly fits that portion of his person. A close observer may see portions of the old skin scaling off, and the new skin appearing underneath.

As I have frequently been asked what size he is, I here give the exact measurements of the specimen in the Zoological Gardens.

	Feet.	Inches.
Height	2	3
Length from tip of nose to end of tail	7	4
Girth of body	2	8
Length of tail	2	9
Length of body	2	2
Length of head	2	5
Diameter of chest	0	10

The exact age cannot be ascertained, but it is supposed by the best authorities that Tit has arrived at adult years, and that he is as big as he ever will be.*

Poor ant-eater! never again will he behold his native plains of Brazil; the new "ticket of leave" will in no way benefit him. He is sen-

* Since this article has been printed I have ascertained that I have all the way through (as frequently happens in writing a French exercise) made a mistake in the gender, and have ungallantly applied the term "He" to a lady ant-eater.

tenced to imprisonment for the term of his natural life; not, however, to undergo hard labor, but to spend what some people would call a very jolly life, consisting in the fact, "that he will have plenty to eat and nothing to do;" this ended, his ghost will be able to say to his keeper — as the ghost of poor Mary did to her bereaved lover —

"As for those feet, those little feet,
You used to call so pretty,
There's one I know in Bedford Row,
The other's in the city."

An unlucky day for him was it when his German captors kidnapped him and his infant brother from their maternal nest in the wilds of Brazil, four hundred miles from Rio Janeiro. The poor brother died *en route* for England. The survivor arrived in a miserable condition, having undergone, like Æneas, many troubles both by sea and by land, of which, like that pious Trojan, he might with justice say:

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

Most particularly did he feel the discomforts of his new position when exhibited in a small room at No. 17 Broad Street, Bloomsbury, under the Anglo-German title of "Antita." A large placard advertised his whereabouts, upon which was painted (thanks to the authority of Buffon) a picture of Mr. "Antita," hugging in a mortal embrace a powerful jaguar (the American tiger); and to make the thing still more absurd, the blood was represented as flowing from the wounds in finely-curved cataracts of red paint, like beer out of a newly-tapped barrel.

He was, however, destined for better quarters, £200 M. D. (which, as some malicious persons assert, physicians put after their names, signifying "money down") softened the hearts of the bearded proprietors, and forthwith he was translated to the Zoological Gardens.

It is impossible to please everybody, and the body not pleased at this new acquisition was the chimpanzee, whose apartments were forthwith diminished by one-half to accommodate the stranger. Great was his rage at this insult, and great his jealousy at having the attention usually shown to him by visitors transferred to his neighbor. He ran about chattering and pulling the bars of his cage violently; whether these mental emotions injured his health or not I am unable to say; but certain it is, that about this time he was taken unwell, and a common linseed poultice was applied, as the doctors say, "to the part affected." What was the consequence? The next morning, when the man came to examine the effects of the application, lo and behold! it was gone: the invalid had eaten and devoured his remedy, which was meant to do good externally. Mr. Chimp was of a different opinion, and had applied it internally. Such, too, were the tenets of the facetious medical student, who, upon being asked by a nervous individual what should be done in a case of internal bleeding, replied with a grave face: "swallow a large piece of sticking plaster."

Whilst meditating on the beauty and design as

shown in the ant-eater, whose præprandial movements I was intently watching, a young gentleman (not a naturalist) asked me, *sotto voce*, "what is that contrivance?" "It is a contrivance," said I, "for catching ants, and that is why he is called the ant-eater." I continued to a young lady, who wanted to know the meaning of his name. Let us see how admirably "the contrivance" answers its purpose, and forms a link in an important series of operations, which are ordained by an all-wise Creator for regulating the economy of tropical regions.

Under the influence of heat and moisture the vegetation in these climes is most luxuriant, and the decay is proportionately rapid to the growth. The ants here play a most important part: they are the scavengers, whose business it is to clear away the wreck and rubbish both of animal and vegetable matter; if these were allowed to remain, they would not only taint the atmosphere with pernicious gases, but would float away, when the rains came, and thus exhaust and impoverish the soil. Then the birds and other vertebrated animals feed upon these ants, and new forms of life spring up, each one supporting some other, and the whole preserving and maintaining the fertility of the country. This is what may be termed nature's mode of culture; the fungi among plants, and the insects among animals, take hold of that which is on the brink of ruin, and from them it passes from race to race, till at the end of the circuit it arrives at the most stately trees of the forest, and the largest animals which feed and repose in their shade.

These ants are sociable things, and are fond each other's company.

Horace informs us that the ant, on the plains of Italy,

"Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit."

The ant on the plains of Brazil does exactly the same thing, except that her edifice is to the edifice of the Italian, as the Sydenham Crystal Palace to the village cottage.

Mr. Waterton, in his "Wanderings in South America," informs us that "the ants' nests have a singular appearance. They are in vast abundance on those parts of the plain which are free from water, and are formed of an exceeding hard yellow clay. They rise eight or ten feet from the ground, in a spiral form, impenetrable to the rain, and strong enough to defy the severest tornado."

So hard are their walls, that the natives always select them to perform the duties of ovens; the fire is lighted inside, and the dinner cooked. Happy the native who happens to have a natural oven close to his hut door! unfortunate the ants who have erected their palace in such dangerous proximity!

Virgil said to the poor little birds who built their nests round his country villa, when he found that the young Romans had been birds' nesting:

"Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

So says the ant-eater to the ants. When he feels hungry he forthwith taps an ant-hill.

To enable him to do this with ease, the kind foresight of the Creator has given him claws adapted for this very purpose. I saw lately in a shop where they sell meats preserved in tightly-soldered tin canisters, an instrument with a sharp claw of iron at the end, made expressly to break open the canisters aforesaid. This instrument is almost a model of the ant-eater's claw. If, kind reader, you will closely bend up the little and the ring-fingers of your two hands, so as to touch palms, and partially curving the middle and the fore-fingers, you will walk along the floor upon the outside edge of your hands—Nebuchadnezzar fashion—you will be much in the same condition as the ant-eater, except that you have no pad upon the part of the hand which bears the weight of the body, whereas the ant-eater has been provided by nature with this necessary appendage.

The two projecting claws in the ant-eater are very sharp at their extremities, and are flattened on the inside. He cannot extend them like we can our fingers, but he can compress them, and that pretty closely. The other day when shaking hands with him, (I always shake hands through the bars of his cage), he gave me such a hearty squeeze with his talons, that I was glad when the salutation was over. Those who will go to the College of Surgeons and look at the skeleton of our friend's relation, or consult Sir C. Bell's Bridgewater Treatise on the hand (in which is a drawing of the foreleg of this animal), will be able to examine closely this curious piece of mechanism. They will at the same time be able to comprehend what an enormous mass of muscles are necessary, and are really present in the living animal, to enable the owner of this scratching apparatus to use it effectually. Sir C. Bell says, "Whether we examine the human body or the comparative forms of the bones, the distinctness of the spines and processes (projections in the bones), declares the strength of the muscles. It is particularly pleasing to notice here the correspondence between the humerus (the large bone of the arm) and the other bones—the blade-bone large, and with a double spine, and with great processes, the ulna projecting at the olecranon, and the radius freely rotating, but above all in the development of one grand metacarpal bone which gives attachment to a strong claw, we see a very distinct provision for scratching and turning aside the ant-hill.

Now, we have just read "that the ant-hills are formed of exceeding hard yellow clay, strong enough to defy a tornado." and if the ant-eater had not these prize-fighter-like arms and pickaxe-like claws, he would never be able to open the sun-baked crust of his ant-pie, and would probably starve; these difficulties have, however, been anticipated by his Creator. When about to open an ant-hill he sits up on his hindlegs, which have nothing peculiar about them,* being made for

* The peculiarity of the hind legs of the subject in the Zoological Gardens is a bandage wound round one of them,—a surgical dressing to a wound received in his travels, now nearly healed. It serves, too, as a protection to this part when he sleeps on the boards.

support when in a sitting attitude, not unlike the feet of an English badger, and he aims a terrible blow at the walls of the ant-hill, breaking the crust into a thousand pieces. Had the editor of the "Nursery Rhymes" seen this operation, he would have altered his verses and written:—

"When the pie was opened
The ants began to run."

We shall see presently how the fugitives are captured.

Even in confinement we see instinct prompting the ant-eater to use his claws in their natural way. I have frequently seen him sit up on his hindlegs and scratch away at the old stump of a tree in the middle of his den—placed there probably to delude him that he is still in a Brazilian forest. At first it was thought he wanted to climb up, so cross-bars of wood were nailed up to facilitate his endeavors; he has, however, never attempted to ascend, it being contrary to his natural habits to climb trees. Dreadful rents, nevertheless, does he delight to make in the canvas nailed up between his neighbor, Mr. Chimp, and himself, showing his natural propensity for tearing open things. Again, I have seen him attempt to get on the top of his little bed-room up in the corner, holding on with his claws, and helping himself up with his long head. This habit of climbing (not trees) seems natural to him, for Mr. Waterton tells us that "the ant-bear is sometimes seen on the top of the wood-ants' nests." He must, moreover, regard the door of his cage, whence issues forth his kind and intelligent keeper, bearing the dinner-tray as a sort of ant-hill, for, as meal-time approaches, I have seen him endeavor to get his sharp claws in between the door and the adjoining wall, in order to wrench it open, and when the door has been partially opened, by the keeper, immediately seize it with his curved talons, and assist in opening it by pulling it towards himself. As he walks about on the boards, his great claws make a terrible rattle. A countrywoman said he was like a washerwoman walking about with pattens on, and a London young lady was sure he had on boots with military heels. A benevolent old lady said the poor thing must suffer very much in walking about on his "club feet;" another spectator remarked that he was sure the ant-eater had had an attack of rheumatism, and that his inert fingers were the results of his illness. But, gentle reader, he has neither club feet nor has he had rheumatism; in his present position he is quite at ease, his long claws are so disposed as to render them harmless to him, and are also prevented from becoming dull and worn like those of the dog, as would inevitably be the case if they came in actual contact with the ground.

Those who have seen stuffed specimens of this animal in museums must have remarked that this peculiar conformation of the feet has evidently been a puzzle to the taxidermists. These worthies have generally endeavored to improve nature by art, and have placed the fore claws in a forward attitude, like those of a dog or bear. This mistake is not now likely to be again committed, at least by our English naturalists, if they ever have

the good luck to obtain a skin of this very rare beast; for be it known, that even in his native country it is but seldom seen, and still less seldom captured.

Mr. Wallace informs us, as regards this circumstance, that though he was residing for more than four years in or near the extensive forests of the Amazon, where the great ant-eater is perhaps as abundant as in any part of South America, he never had an opportunity of seeing one—once only he was nearly in at the death, finding a bunch of hairs from the tail of a specimen which had been killed a month previous to his arrival. They say (and I really think with truth), that anything can be obtained in London for money: the traveller, who in vain looks for this four-legged curiosity in his native haunts, may find him displayed as large as life in Mr. Gardiner's shop in Oxford-street, where, for the sum of seven pounds, he may obtain a skin tolerably well stuffed, but rather dusty withal. The claws, too, in this specimen, wonderful to say, are nearly in their right and natural position.

The ant-eater cannot run very fast; when pressed he gets along at a sort of shambling gallop, but his best pace is not equal to that of a man when running. He is a stupid thing, and comparatively harmless to his enemy, man. For Azara tells us, "I have killed several by giving them a blow on the head with a stick, with the same security as though I had struck the trunk of a tree." He cannot make any noise of any kind, for both the men who are daily and nightly with him have assured me that they never have heard a grunt, or a groan, or sound of any kind proceed from their pet's mouth, whether of pleasure or of anger.

The ant-eater's claws are not adapted by any means for picking up the ants one by one as they run out of the aperture made in their mud fortification; run they never so fast, their doom is sealed. We all of us know those wonderful specimens of human ingenuity invented for the special benefit of house-flies during the hot summer months. The poor fly settles upon an inviting prairie of what he thinks is treacle; he eats his fill, and then attempts to depart, but, alas! he cannot.

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

The ant-eater's tongue is made somewhat on the principle of those "catch 'em alive papers." It is a long, narrow, and roundish slip of flesh, exactly the color of the common earthworm, and very much resembles in appearance the small end of a coachman's whip; the trumpet-shaped head, though pretty long, is not long enough to contain it when extended to its full length. The tongue is made therefore to retract into a sheath, as a common cedar pencil is made to retract into the pencil-case. It is not very easy to catch a glimpse of this tongue, for our friend at the Zoological does not often show it. In vain does the expectant medicus enjoin him, as he does his patients, to "put out his tongue." He will not do it unless he likes, and the moment when the humor seizes him is while he is eating his food, at which time the visitor may, by looking out

sharp, see it slipping about in the tin soup-dish with the most wonderful velocity; it then much resembles a black eel performing the most wonderful gyrations. Look out too, well, just after he has finished his meal, for then sometimes out comes his tongue like a roll of ribbon from the conjuror's mouth, or a stream of black treacle poured from a narrow aperture. Not above a second will you have to look at it, so the eyes must be kept wide open. Those who wish to examine the retractory arrangement at their leisure may see a preparation at the College of Surgeons, London, in which the tongue, although extended to nearly a foot in length, is not drawn out to its full extent; upon its upper surface may be seen retroverted papillæ (like those on a cat's tongue, only smaller of course); the sheath, too, with part of the tongue in it, may be observed passing in front of the tracheæ and the larynx someway down the throat.

The owner of this tongue does not, however, pick up the ants with it as a giraffe gathers palm-leaves, selecting and cropping them off with his tongue. These unfortunate insects stick to it and are then drawn into their enemy's throat. To enable this to take place, nature has given the ant-devourer a sort of natural bird-lime, which is spread in abundance upon this whip-like tongue. Of this peculiar secretion, Mr. Waterton says, "There is another singularity in the anatomy of the ant-bear, I believe as yet unnoticed in the page of natural history. He has two very large glands situated below the root of the tongue. From these is emitted a glutinous liquid, with which his long tongue is lubricated when he puts into the ants' nests. The secretion from them when wet is very clammy and adhesive, but on being dried it loses those qualities, and you can pulverize it betwixt your finger and thumb, so that in dissection if any of it has got upon the fur of the animal or the feathers of a bird, allow it to dry there, and then it may be removed without leaving the least stain behind."

I can confirm this statement from personal experience, for lately, when watching our friend trying to get open the door of his den just before dinner-time, I observed his mouth literally "watering" with anticipation, that is to say, there came from it a quantity of frothy-looking saliva, some of which I managed to get upon my fingers—so glutinous was it that the sides of the fingers became glued together as they would have been had gum-arabic been used; in a short space it dried and fell off just as the learned traveller has described.

D. Azara tells us: "*Il mange que des fourmis. Il fouille les fourmillères avec ses ongles, et au moment même où les fourmis sortent en abondance pour former un rempart et se défendre, il traîne sur elles sa langue, qu'il a sortie, avec rapidité, et qu'il retire avec les fourmis qu'y sont prises. Il répète cet exercice avec tant de prestesse, que dans une seconde de temps il tire et rentre deux fois sa langue, mais jamais l'introduire dans le trou.*"

"No one (he continues) need wonder that so large a beast should be able to derive its sustenance from such minute prey, who is made aware of the myriads of the insects each ant nest con-

tains; and that in some districts these nests are crowded so as almost to touch each other."

Among birds and reptiles who feed upon insects we find a somewhat similar arrangement of tongue. That of the common woodpecker is a well-known example. The tongue-bone of this bird is of an immense length, and curves completely round the back of the head; he has also glands to secrete viscid fluid, and besides this a barbed horny tip to his tongue. This bird feeds upon insects who live in the bark of trees; with his sticky tongue he is enabled to draw out the smaller beetles from their lurking places; with his spear he is enabled to transfix and detain those who are too strong or too big to stick. The chameleon, among reptiles, has a very long tongue and a gelatinous covering on it, which, as we well know, is very useful to him in procuring his winged and more active prey.

There is in Australia a curious animal, said to be a combination of a bird with a beast, whose name is *Ornithorhynchus* (the Bird-billed). His conformation has given rise to a zoological riddle. "Why is an *Ornithorhynchus* like your tailor?" Because he is a beast with a bill.

Inside this bill, this remarkable animal has a most curious tongue. It is divided into two parts, the anterior part is beset with numerous coarse papillæ, the posterior is raised considerably above the other, and is armed with two strong spines directed forwards, which probably serve to prevent the passage into the faucis of such substances as ought first to undergo mastication and maceration in the cheek-pouches, for he has these curious mouth-pockets, if they may be so called, and we have seen the remains of insects, of the genus *Nanceridæ*, taken from these very pouches.

The mouth of the ant-eater, situated at the end of the trumpet-shaped head, is very small indeed, being about an inch in length, whence he has been called by the French "the little mouth;" when he is moving about, it is difficult to see whether he has any mouth at all. The nostrils are of a C shape, and can be compressed or dilated at will. The seal's nostrils are the same; the seal shuts his up to keep out the water. The ant-eater closes his up to prevent the dust getting in, when he is catching the ants running about in it.

The pupil of the eye, I may here state, is round, and not a mere slit like a cat's eye (as has been affirmed by some), whence we can with certainty proclaim his habits to be diurnal and not nocturnal. The organs of smell are very highly developed, as ascertained from the skull at the College.

The question is frequently asked upon what is the ant-eater fed when in captivity. His present diet is principally eggs and milk beaten up together, his allowance being twelve eggs per diem, with milk in proportion. He is fed three times a day, and those who wish to be present when he is eating, had better witness the meal which he has daily at four. By way of snapper, he has a rabbit, not a Welsh-rabbit with a coat of mustard, but an English one, with a coat of fur. The rabbit is killed in the morning, and an aperture being made in the body, the ant-eater sucks

up all the blood with great relish; in the evening the flesh of the same poor bunny is cut up very small and given uncooked just before he goes to bed; he manages to get through nearly a pound of it every evening.

It has been tried whether he will kill the rabbit for himself, but he takes no notice of it at all, neither smelling it, or endeavoring to strike it in play, or with murderous intent.

When he first came to town, the authorities tried whether he would eat any of our English insects; in vain were black beetles, crickets, common house flies, meal-worms, *et id genus omne*, spread before him—he would not look at or touch them either alive or dead. It occurred to me that he might, by possibility, like the taste of our English ant.

Accordingly I sent for, and obtained from the country, a tin quart pot full of Oxfordshire red ants. When these were (by the permission of the garden authorities) emptied out on the floor of the ant-eater's den, he walked up to them, and leisurely put out the tip of his tongue as though to taste them. The trial was not satisfactory, so he scraped away the mould, and spread it about with his claws, and then tried again to see if they were good. He seemed to deliberate a moment about this, as a connoisseur does when tasting a new sample of port wine. The verdict was eventually against them, for he walked away with an air of disgust, so that, unless we have periodical remittances of termites, the white ant, from Brazil, we shall not be able to supply him with his natural food. He thrives, however, well enough upon his present diet of eggs, milk, and rabbit; for the keeper told me that when his pet first came, he was so thin and meagre that he could easily lift him up with one arm, whereas now the united force of both arms are necessary to raise him from the ground.

It has been proposed that the ant-eater's milk and eggs should be flavored with an acid, called "formic acid," that it might have an anty taste, &c., as the waiter at Vauxhall cuts "the beef with a hammy knife," to suit the taste of his customer. This acid was originally discovered by Fisher, in 1670, in a red ant (*Formica rufa*), and it was formerly obtained solely from this insect by distilling them, or their expressed juice, with water. The acid thus obtained is fuming and pungent, acting as a caustic upon the skin. The individual drop, however, contained in a single ant is said to have an agreeable acid taste, and the good folks in Sweden have found this out, for Mr. Consette, while walking in a wood near Gottenburg, observed a person sit down on an ant-hill and with a great degree of pleasure devour these insects, first nipping off their heads and wings. The flavor, according to his account, was an acid somewhat resembling, though much more agreeable, than that of a lemon.

Mr. Wallace informs us that the Indians, as well as the ant-eater, eat white ants; they catch them, too, in a similar manner, by pushing into the nest a grass stalk, which the insects seize and hold on to most tenaciously. The large white ants in Devonshire, I have been informed, emit a peculiar acid smell when their nests are disturbed, but my informer did not taste them.

It is from a combination of formic acid that chloroform is made: who would ever have guessed that from pounded ants a never-failing antidote to pain could be made?—a discovery to suffering mankind more valuable than that of the gold regions in Australia or California, and in some respects even that of omnipotent steam.

We have amongst ourselves certain individuals who rival the ant-eater in his insectivorous propensities. Many a time I have seen a large, fat, and white worm drop out of the cracked hazel-nut, which instantly was devoured as a prize by the finder. I never could make up my mind to try one of these living sugar-plums, but, doubtless, they have a pleasant nutty flavor.

An old book, published in 1582, has a curious chapter. "De absurdo et fero monstroso populorum quorundam victu," wherein are mentioned the *φθειροφάγοι*, or eaters of lice (a capital repast). Eaters of grasshoppers and the grubs of a kind of silkworm, used for food in those days by German soldiers, are also mentioned.

The teeth of man, being partly carnivorous, partly herbivorous, are not given him to eat insects; the ant-eater, who eats nothing but insects, has, to use a common expression, "not a tooth in his head." He is therefore very much in the condition of our respected and revered grandmamas, who may, for the most part, with propriety, be called, like the ant-eater, "edentulous." The services of the dentist, whose advertisement tells us that he can "fix artificial teeth in all the newest styles extant," may be of use to the edentulous ladies, but of none to the ant-eater. Upon examining the skull of this animal, we find that the absence of teeth is partially compensated for by the edges of the jaws being very firm, and armed with a covering of a dense gutta-percha-like gum. These edges are narrow towards the mouth end, but near the gullet, become much broader, so as to give him a chance of grinding his food, and cracking the horny armor of the ants, which is pretty hard. I have not had an opportunity of examining the stomach of an ant-eater, but doubtless it has the same arrangement as the stomachs of the animals nearest related to him, viz., the manis and the armadillo, both of which are likewise insectivorous.

The stomachs of these animals have a remarkable valve at their lower end, at the commencement of the intestines; in other animals the valve is partially patulous, but in this case we find the lining membrane of the stomach so arranged that a valvular projection over the gangway is formed, so as to make the cavity a complete shut sack, the portal of which can probably be opened at the will of the owner. The reason for this may be the following; doubtless many of the insects escape the crushing action of the jaws when taken into the mouth in large quantities; these being taken into the stomach alive might, if the door were open, escape further down into the intestines, and create great disturbance therein; the above mentioned valve prevents this by keeping a strict watch and guard, and allowing nothing to pass but what has been thoroughly acted on by the juices of the stomach.

The would-be fugitives are therefore detained till the walls of their living tomb have, by their gizzard-like structure, ground up and partially digested them, and then, and not till then, do they gain admittance through this beautifully contrived portal.

By this means, too, portions of earth or sand, which adhere to the tongue as well as the ants, are prevented gaining admittance into "the grand intestinal canal."

The ant-eater might himself become the prey of animals larger than himself, for what chance would he have with his toothless mouth against the formidable array of cuttings and grinders belonging to his arch enemy the jaguar. His tenet is "discretion is the best part of valor." He therefore seeks safety in concealment. The first impulse of an animal in danger is to hide himself; even man in his wild state is subject to this law. Sir Thomas Mitchell, when travelling in the wildest part of Australia, came suddenly upon a tribe of natives. He says, "the two natives, acting as a rear-guard, behaved as if they thought we had not the faculty of sight as well as themselves, and evidently believed that by standing perfectly still and stooping slowly to a level with the dry grass, they could deceive us into the idea that they were stumps of burnt trees."

The Barea, a wild tribe in Abyssinia, have the same custom. Mr. M. Parkyns, in his most interesting travels writes, "The hunter declared that neither the charred stump of the tree nor the blackened logs at its feet were there the last time he passed, and that they were simply Barea. A shot from my rifle at a long distance acted on the tree and stones as powerfully as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect, for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me, ran in the opposite direction."

Nature has given to all animals a covering similar to the haunts in which they dwell. Of this, instances innumerable might be adduced, but let the ant-eater's case suffice. His coat is long and shaggy, and resembles greatly the withered and dry grass, in the midst of which he makes his bed. His long and beautifully-shaped tail, is, too, of great service to him. When about to repose, he places his long, trumpet-shaped head between his fore legs, after the manner of a donkey about to kick. He places his hind legs in opposition to his fore legs, and then sinks down quietly on his side. Over all he folds his great bushy tail, a sort of natural eider-down quilt, which serves the double purpose of keeping him warm, and of hiding him in the most perfect manner. Sharp must be the eyes of the hunter who sees in this inanimate looking mass a living creature, worth 200*l.* to the Zoological Society. In captivity, the whole of this performance may, if the visitor is lucky, be witnessed, which I am afraid they will not have much chance of doing; for, since his arrival here, he has quite changed his habits. He used to sleep all day, and walk about all night, to the annoyance of his keeper whose room is close by. Now, however, like other decent animals, he is, for the most part, awake in the day, and retires at night; still, he sometimes indulges in a mid-

day nap, the preparation for which I hope the reader may witness. Hard, indeed, is the bed upon which he sleeps, but it is his own choice; the straw which was given him he raked away with his claws, preferring the plain boards. A sheep's skin is now placed for him, with which he seems perfectly contented.

This tail resembles much the tail of some kinds of terrier dogs. When showing one of these dogs, who happened to have a remarkably handsome tail, to a young lady, she concluded her remarks by expressing a wish to have it to "put in her bonnet."

The ant-eater's appendage is rather too large for this purpose. When unfolded, it adds more to his personal appearance than it would to that of a fair lady. When stamping round and round his cage he carries it stretched out at full length, and then he looks, as a friend of mine described, like a "hairy pair of bellows."

If we examine the bones of the tail on the skeleton before mentioned, we shall find an osseous chain, the individual links of which are most firmly united one to the other. This chain is moreover, flattened from side to side, so as to resemble, in a great measure, the tail of a fish. The enormous weight of hair attached to it renders this happy combination of strength and elasticity necessary. There is now in the Zoological Gardens another animal who also has a flattened tail, like the ant-eater, but, at the same time, unlike him, has not a garniture of hair affixed to it. What, then, is the purpose of the flattening? The owner is the Australian Wolf, the *Thylacinus cynocephalus*; and the following theory has been suggested by Mr. Swainson to account for this peculiarity. This animal lives upon plains which are at onetime almost destitute of water, and at another time a vast lake. These floods come down rapidly, and without previous notice, bearing everything before them. To give an idea of this fact, Sir Thomas Mitchell tells us that, after having travelled many months during an exploring expedition into the wilds of Australia, and having suffered immensely through the scarcity of water, to find which was the constant care and endeavor of himself and party, he was, all of a sudden, surrounded by a fresh-water sea; and it was only by escaping to higher ground he was enabled to save himself and his cattle from drowning; though, but the day before a glass of water was hardly procurable. So long had he been accustomed to drink muddy water, that when he came to clean water he could not relish it, as it seemed to "want body."

Now the wolves who live in these regions would, if made like other wolves, stand a good chance of being devoured by these sudden floods, and then, like the *Patres conscripti*, who "took a boat and sailed to Philippi," we should have it recorded in the pages of history that,

"Omnes drownderunt quia
Swim away non potuerunt."

They are, however, enabled to swim with great ease and facility by means of their flattened tail, the use of which, were we not to consider the na-

ture of the country where they live, would at first sight be hardly comprehensible.

The ant-eater has a rival in his Brazilian ant preserves, in the shape of a bird called the "ant-catcher," and though his name does not imply the fact, yet there is every reason to believe that he eats as well as catches the ants. These birds do not fly much, but, on the contrary, run rapidly on the ground; they cannot, like their quadruped rival, break open the nests of the ants, so they watch the high roads, along which these animated acid drops pass in countless numbers, and then secure them, not "in lots" with their tongue, but singly with their bills, so that each ant-feeding class has its particular season, and the one does not interfere with the other; still, who would like to be an ant in the regions where they have so many hungry enemies?

When a gourmand was shown the models of the restored antediluvian animals at Sydenham, fixing his eyes steadily on the figure of an enormous turtle who lived in preadamite days, he exclaimed, "Well, those are the sort of animals I do like to see!" This same worthy may perhaps entertain the same prandial views towards the ant-eater as he sees him perambulating his cage, and desire to know "if he is good to eat." Alas! like the poor Dodo, the savory taste of the flesh has caused the death of many of his like. Mr. Waterion informs us: "As his habits and haunts differ materially from those of every other animal in the forest, their interests never clash, and thus he might live to a good old age and die at last in peace, were it not that his flesh is good food."

As the little lizards of our own times had their representatives in the *Hylaeosaurus* and *Megalosaurus* in the days when there were "giants in the land," so had also the ant-eater his representative in this gigantic parliament, and, accordingly, there appear to have been still larger ant-bears in the old times of South America. Fossil remains of nearly allied quadrupeds have been detected in both the fresh-water deposits and bone caves of the post-pliocene period in Buenos Ayres and Brazil. On this subject a writer in a late number of the *Literary Gazette*, remarks: "Professor Owen detected in the fossil fragments of the back part of a skull brought over, with other evidences of the extinct mammalia of South America, by Mr. Darwin, marks of affinities to the ant-eaters. The chief instrument in obtaining food in the existing ant-bear is its tongue; and this singularly elongated organ is more remarkable for its muscular structure and prehensile power than for its sense of taste. Now it appears that the tongue in mammalia has two principal nerves, one for movement and one for sensation, and that these nerves emerge by separate holes from the brain case. The motor nerve (ninth pair in man) is proportionally very large in the ant-bear, and so, therefore, is the hole in the skull for its passage.

The great Cuvier, in his canons for the interpretation of fossil remains, has laid it down that "the first thing to be done in their study was to ascertain the form of the molar teeth." But both jaws and teeth were wanting in the fossil under

the consideration of our equally great anatomist. He had to look out for other evidences.

The first that seems to have arrested his attention was an unusually large and deep cavity in the portion of the skull to which the bone of the tongue is tied, and which led him to infer an unusual development of that organ. He next discovered a more certain proof of the extent of its soft and especially muscular parts in the magnitude of the foramen for the passage of the lingual or motor nerve. This foramen was "fully twice the size of that which gave exit to the fifth nerve: its area was oval, and readily admitted the passage of the little finger."

Here, then, was evidence that the nervous matter destined to put in action the muscular part of the tongue, was equal to half of that nervous matter which influences the whole muscular system of a man. No other known living animal offered any approximation to the peculiar proportions of the lingual nerves of the fossil animal in question, except the great ant-eater; but the size of the animal indicated by the fossil was three times that of the *Myrmecophaga jubata*. For this strange monster thus partially restored from the ruins of a former world, Professor Owen proposed the name of *Glossotherium*, which signifies "tongue beast."

Dr. Lemth, a Danish naturalist in Brazil, mentions, among the fossil remains discovered by him in that country, fragments of the bones of an enormous ant-eater, which indicate an animal the size of an ox; he proposes to name it *Myrmecophaga Gigantea*.

It would be a great and attractive addition to Mr. W. Hawkins's Museum of Restorations, at Sydenham, were he, with his usual ability and skill, to show us a model of the gigantic grandpapa of our friend Tit. Possibly he might be able to discover and mould an ant of those days: what a monster insect it would be, were it made in proportion to its gigantic devourer!

We cannot conclude the foregoing remarks without requesting the courteous reader to look upon the ant-eater, not as a strange, misformed, and curious animal brought to us to satisfy vulgar curiosity, but as illustrated by its conformation, instinct, and habits, as another striking instance (if indeed instances were wanted) brought before his eyes of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Creator towards the lowest of his creatures.

P. S. Good news flies apace. The bearded gainer of the £200, the price of Tit, wrote off immediately to their friends to inform them of their lucky speculation in England. Tit arrived here in September, 1853: in March, 1854, a loud knocking was heard at the Zoological portal, and, upon Mr. Mitchell putting out his head, Lo and behold, more Germans, with another Ant-eater! These latter speculators, who came from Porto Allegro, found to their cost that, to use commercial language, "Ant-eaters is fell;" instead of £200 they got not quite half that sum. Lighting, however, the pipe of indignation, they put the affront therein and smoked it; jingling the precious "gelt" in their pocket: and Ant-eater B

2 became "added to the Collection:" a husband was obtained for Tit.

If anything could have caused the said four-footed bride to have screamed, fainted, gone into hysterics, or done something she had never done before, it would have been the sudden appearance in her den, one fine morning, of Hatto the keeper with the bridegroom, (about half the size of herself, and of about half the same age,) under his arm. Tit immediately stalked up to the new comer with an air of independence, as much as to say, "What brings you here, my fine fellow?" a question often put mutually by individuals who suddenly meet at a place where neither of them are over anxious to be seen. The first surprise being over, she began to salute him after the manner of Ant-eaters, viz. by combing out his bristly hair, and scratching his face with her long talons; typical, doubtless, of the mode of punishment prepared for him in case of any conjugal delinquencies. Poor little fellow, he was tired with his long voyage, and having eaten up his supper, he coiled himself up in the corner and went fast asleep.

At first the happy pair were placed in the same apartment; but they did not agree at all, and so they are now separated by a wire partition. The new-comer has not yet learnt English manners, and, like Tit on her first arrival, he sleeps all day, waking only to eat his dinner, and have a talk with his consort through the bars. The last time I saw them, the door between the two cages was left half open; Tit was eating her four o'clock dinner in her boudoir, her husband

being asleep in the corner of the adjoining room. The repast being finished, she walked up to the door, and, pushing it wide open, marched up to her sleeping beauty. She poked her long nose underneath his straw bed, as much as to say, "It's four o'clock and your dinner is ready." Finding, however, that he did not answer the summons, she then inserted her curved claw in between his fore legs, and tried to hook out his long proboscis, which was firmly tucked in between them: he would not, however, awake. Finding this to be really the case, she coolly marched off to his tin dish, placed there full of eggs and milk for his special benefit, and, keeping one eye on her "sleeping partner," the other on the onclest so palpably his property misappropriated, deliberately devoured the whole. The theft committed, with an unconcerned air she marched away, fully justifying the keeper's remark, "That as she grew fatter and fatter, so she grew cunninger and cunninger." After a turn or two up and down the den, she again tried the awakening process upon her injured companion, but, finding the attempt useless, she slowly reclined her body upon him, and finding his carcase to make a warmer and softer bed than her own mattress, she jerked herself right upon him, and there deliberately proceeded to tuck herself up for her after-dinner nap, much to the annoyance, I should think, of the poor husband thus converted into a bed. He did not, however, seem to mind it, for half-an-hour after, there they were still in the same position, and both fast asleep.

A CHILD'S SMILE.

"For I say unto you—That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

A child's smile—nothing more;
Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom seen;
Like summer lightning o'er,
Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,
Thine angel, who did weep to see how far
Thy childhood is removed
From sports that dear to other children are,

On this pale cheek has thrown
The brightness of his countenance, and made
A peace most like his own,
A beauty that we look on, half afraid:

Marvelling, will it stay
To manhood's prime, or will that angel fair,
On some yet unknown day,
Take the child-smile, and leave the wrinkle Care?

Nay, fear not. As is given
To thee the father's look, fond watching o'er:
Thine angel, up in heaven
Beholds our Father's face forever more.

Ah, may He help thee bear
Thy burden, as thy father helps thee now:
That thou mayst come to wear
That soft child-smile upon an old man's brow.
Chambers's Journal.

SLEEP OF PLANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS
Mr. Seemann, the naturalist of Kellett's arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night, it ought to be, but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favored climes. "If man," observes Mr. Seemann, "should ever reach the pole, and he undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will show him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north."

American Annual of Scientific Discovery.

FALLACY OF CONSCIENCE.—"Jamais on ne fait le mal si pleinement et si gaïement, que quand on le fait par un faux principe de conscience."—PASCAL.

From The Economist.

THE REAL DANGER OF THE WAR.

WE have never felt the slightest misgiving as to the power of England and France to conduct the war to a brilliantly triumphant and permanently successful issue, whatever might be the part ultimately taken by Prussia and Austria. If the great German States side with us loyally and earnestly, the retreat of the Russian army is cut off; it will be hemmed in on all sides by forces vastly superior in numbers and appointments, and incomparably better placed; and its only alternatives will be utter destruction or a surrender at discretion. Such a defeat as would ensue in that case, and such marked inferiority on the part of Russia as would then be manifest, would probably entail two other results, both of them of the utmost consequence with respect to the future peace and freedom of Europe—viz., the adhesion of Sweden and Persia to the common cause. The adhesion of Sweden would enable us to restore Finland to its original owner, and thus cripple Russia more than any other single conquest; for the coast of Finland commands the entrance to St. Petersburg. The *bonâ fide* aid and sincere behavior of Prussia might also end in the abstraction of the Livonian Provinces from Russia, and their restoration to their German relatives, and thus the Southern as well the Northern shore of the Gulf of Finland would be handed over to the rivals of Nicholas. At the other extremity of the Empire, the adhesion of Persia to the Allied Powers, which would certainly follow any decided and unmistakable disaster to Russian arms (and might probably even now be enforced by the vigorous action of English force or English diplomacy in the Persian Gulf), would entail the loss of Georgia and the establishment there and in the Caucasus of such a permanent barrier against Russian encroachment towards the East as would set our minds at rest for centuries with regard to the tranquillity of our Indian Empire.

If, on the other hand, Austria and Prussia should ultimately turn against us and embrace the cause of their fellow-despot, the war would indeed be longer, severer, more extensive, and altogether altered in its character and in its localities, but if we were resolute and hearty, our ultimate success would still be certain, and probably even more signal and beneficent. Its issue *then* would not be simply the rescue of Turkey, but the emancipation of Hungary, Italy, Germany, and possibly Poland—not merely the defeat of despotism in one quarter, but its total and final discomfiture throughout Europe—not merely the prevention of one meditated wrong, but the redress of the accumulated wrongs of many generations in many lands. The war in that case might be protracted, obstinate, and bloody; but the peace which followed it would probably endure for centuries, because it would be founded not on artificial but on natural arrangements, because it respected both the affinities of nations and the rights of individual men. Our success would be certain, not only because our power would be great and our cause just, but because we should find ourselves supported

by allies immeasurably mightier than even Austria and Prussia—by the Poles, fighting for an extinguished nationality—by the Hungarians, fighting for a trampled constitution, hallowed to their affections by the traditions of centuries—by the Italians, fighting for a freedom which they have never conquered (because the odds against them were too great), but for which they have never ceased to sigh and strive—by the insurgent Germans, fighting for the liberal institutions which had been always promised to them in the hour of danger and always withheld from them in the day of victory. We should find ourselves allied with and strengthened by every aspiration and every affection which can stimulate men to effort, or harden them to endure privation, or nerve them to face danger, or elevate them to make sacrifices—with that love of liberty, of justice, of civilization, of sacred homes, of unviolated sanctities, which of all human passions is at once the strongest and the noblest. In such a case our triumph could not fail to be as brilliant as it would be beneficent,—if only we are conscious of the grandeur of our mission, and willing to bend all our energies to its performance—if only we cast aside all *arrière-pensées*, and had no faithless or pusillanimous terror of the consequences of our own success.

Our greatest difficulty would be in the case—still it would seem far from improbable,—of Austria maintaining a strict neutrality—sufficient just to tie our hands and those of Russia from undertaking any active operations against her—sufficient just to prevent Russia from countenancing a Hungarian and France an Italian insurrection—sufficient just to hamper, if not to paralyze both belligerents;—and of Prussia backing her, as she would do, in this selfish policy. Even then, however, if we are true to ourselves, we need feel no apprehension as to the result. It may require more strenuous and prolonged efforts, and the despatch of larger forces on our part, to bring our enemy to terms, but to the strength of the Western Powers, *seriously and resolutely put forth*, we do not believe that Russia can offer any very effectual resistance. We believe it is in our power to take the Crimea, to re-open the Danube, to detach Georgia, probably even to drive our foes back across the Pruth. We are sure it is in our power to keep the entire command of the Euxine, to destroy every Russian ship that ventures out into the open sea, and permanently to blockade the Gulf of Finland;—and we conceive it impossible for Nicholas long to hold out against such energetic measures. Our real and only danger comes from ourselves—not from our enemies. If success is doubtful, its dubiousness can only arise from *our not being sufficiently in earnest*—from a spirit of compromise still lingering in our council chambers—from our anxiety rather to have a short war than an effective one—from thinking of a speedy peace rather than an enduring one. We do not say that such is the case: we only say that we fear no other danger, and entertain no other misgiving.

The point on which we desire to warn the country to be on its guard is this. We are at present bound up with allies whose feelings and

ultimate views are notoriously different from our own, and we have Ministers who, though they have acted throughout with spirit, dignity, and consistency, are warm friends of peace and order, and are deeply impressed with the grave and sad responsibilities of their position and their crisis. Prussia, we know, is decidedly friendly to Nicholas, and would willingly patch up a peace on any terms. Austria is anxious, no doubt, to be relieved from the incubus of Russian preponderance, cannot consent to the permanent occupation of the Principalities, and would be glad if the navigation of the Danube were re-opened, though she has so long tamely acquiesced in its being silted up. *But any real weakening or disastrous humiliation of Russia will not suit the purposes and does not enter into the views of either of the German Powers.* Of this we may be quite certain. Austria would ill like to see herself embraced and overshadowed by the Russian annexation of Wallachia and Moldavia; she would ill like to see her great river entirely in the hands of her colossal neighbor; but there is one thing which she would assuredly like still less—and that is, such a diminution of either the actual power or the prestige of Russia as would impair her capacity of aiding Austria to overawe, crush, or conquer her oppressed and rebellious subjects. It will not answer for either of the German Powers permanently to lose the alliance or materially to weaken the resources of their fellow-despot. Therefore, as soon as ever Nicholas can be persuaded to evacuate the Principalities, or even to promise to do so on obtaining certain nominal concessions to save his pride, these Powers will declare themselves satisfied, and will use all their influence to urge us to accept these terms, and to terminate the war on the basis of the *status quo*, possibly adding some stipulation as to the better maintenance of the navigation of the Danube. They will have gained their point; and thenceforth all their efforts will be directed to prevent us from gaining ours. They will advise, they will entreat, they will remonstrate, they will mediate, they will protocol; they will hint at ulterior dangers, they may even venture on something like a menace of throwing their weight into the opposite scale, if we refuse to accept proposals of peace which they deem reasonable.

Our Ministers will then find themselves in this position. On the one side lies the proffer of a peace, which they cannot indeed pretend to deem satisfactory—seeing that it leaves disputes still unadjusted and pretexts for future aggression and future wars still undestroyed; but which will leave Russia baffled, checked, mortified, and with a warning which may keep her quiet for a considerable time; which will leave Turkey at all events safe from aggression for some years to come, during which time her internal ameliorations may go on unchecked;—and which will enable us to disband our armies, to recall our ships, to reduce our expenditure, and to avoid the horrors and responsibilities of prolonged bloodshed. On the other hand lies a continuation of the war with the certain discountenance and the possible hostility of the German Powers;—with the prospect of a terrible struggle and a

distant if not an uncertain issue; with the prospect, too, (which is more than a probability) that in the course of that struggle, if much prolonged, its basis will be widened, its passions will be deepened, and its significance intensified; that in fact the revolutionary element and the spirit of nationality will enter on the scene of strife, and that so we may find ourselves fighting in a cause which we were not prepared to maintain, and with allies and associates whom we did not bargain for;—with the prospect moreover (which is at least a possibility) of some disagreement with France weakening our cordiality of action, or of some dispute with America coming in to complicate our position.

When the question of peace or war comes before our Ministers in this perplexing and insidious shape; urged, too, with all the subtle and plausible diplomacy for which our adversary is so renowned; backed possibly by some incipient grumblings at home about the much that has been expended and the little that has been done; affected, moreover, materially (for it is in vain to disguise the truth) by the imperfect and as yet only inchoate sympathies of our ruling classes for the oppressed nationalities and insurgent patriots of Europe;—is it unreasonable to fear that they may be led to entertain the perilous proposals, and to sacrifice future and enduring tranquillity for the sake of present and immediate peace,—to think that “sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,”—and to relegate to the next generation the settlement of a question that may possibly not again arise till that generation has come upon the stage? Yet such a decision would surely be most unworthy and unwise. It would be stultifying our enormous preparations. It would be calling the mountains into parturition to bring forth a mouse. It would be letting go our grasp of our adversary when we have him at a disadvantage. And what is worse, it would be postponing a struggle which sooner or later *must* come, to a time when we may be far worse prepared than now to meet it; when the odds may be on the other side; when France may be alienated from us; when we may have many enemies, a bad trade, and an empty exchequer; when we may have other and yet more serious quarrels on our hands; when in fact we may be utterly unable to aid and save Turkey, however much we may desire it. For, be it remembered, the time when the “Eastern Question” shall come up again will be chosen by Russia, not by us—and she will not make a second mistake. She will choose the moment of her strength and of our embarrassment; our “necessity will be her opportunity;” and she will use it promptly and decisively to “feed fat the ancient grudge she bears us.” As we have often had occasion to point out, Russia never relaxes her vigilance and never abandons her designs; the possession of Constantinople is necessary to her pictured greatness and her ulterior aims; and she will never cease to strive, to intrigue, to encroach, to adventure, for its seizure, unless we should put it obviously and permanently out of her reach—as we have now the opportunity of doing—as a few years hence we may have no longer. The least favorable terms of peace that we ought *now*

to listen * to, are, the evacuation of the Principalities, and the surrender of the revenue confiscated since their seizure; the abandonment of all control over the navigation of the Danube; the opening of the Black Sea to the navies of all nations; and the abolition of all old treaties between Russia and Turkey. If the war lasts long and involves us in further expenditure, we must demand in addition the cession of Bessarabia, the Crimea, Georgia, and Finland:—we must

demand, that is, "material guarantees" of the future impotence of our enemy for active wrong. To make peace on worse terms than the above would, in our opinion, be to confess that we were wrong in making war.

* To listen to *these* terms, is to release Russia upon her *promise* to do better. The preceding argument requires a very different conclusion.—*Living Age*.

A LIVING PICTURE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

No, I'll not say your name.—I have said it now—As you, mine—first in childish treble tuned, Up through a score of dear familiar years, Till baby-voices mock us. Time may come When your tall sons look down on our white hair, Smiling to hear us call each other thus, And, curious, ask about the old, old days, The marvellous days—days when we two were young.

How far off seems that time, and yet how near! Now, as I lie and watch you come and go With handfuls of spring greenery, in soft robe Just girdled, and brown curls that girl-like fall, And straw-hat flapping in the April wind— I could forget these many years—start up, Crying: "Come, let's go play!"

Well-a-day, friend.

Our playing is all done!

Still, let us smile;
For as you flit about with these same flowers,
You look like a spring morning, thrilled with light,
And on your lips a bright invisible bird
Sits, singing its gay heart out in old tunes;
While, an embodied music, moves your step,
Your free, wild, springy step, like corn i' the wind.
Gazing on you, I see young Atala,
Or Pocahontas, noble child o' the sun,
Or Lady Geraldine, her "Courtship" o'er,
Moves through the dark abeles.

But I'll not prate:
Fair seemeth fairest, ignorant 'tis fair;
That light incredulous laugh is worth a world!
That laugh—with soft-child echoes—

Nay then, fade,
Vague dream! Come, true and pure reality:
Come, dewy dawn of wifehood, motherhood,
Broadening to golden day. Come, silent round
Of simple joys, sweet duties, happy cares,
When each full hour drops bliss with liberal hand,
Yet leaves to-morrow richer than to-day.

Will you sit here? The grass is summer warm;
Look, how those children love the daisy-stars;
So did we too, do you mind? That eldest lad,
He has your very mouth. Yet, you will have't,

His eyes are like his father's? Well; even so!
They could not be more dark, and deep, and kind.

Do you know, this hour I have been fancying
you
A poet's dream, and almost sighed to think
There was no poet to praise you—

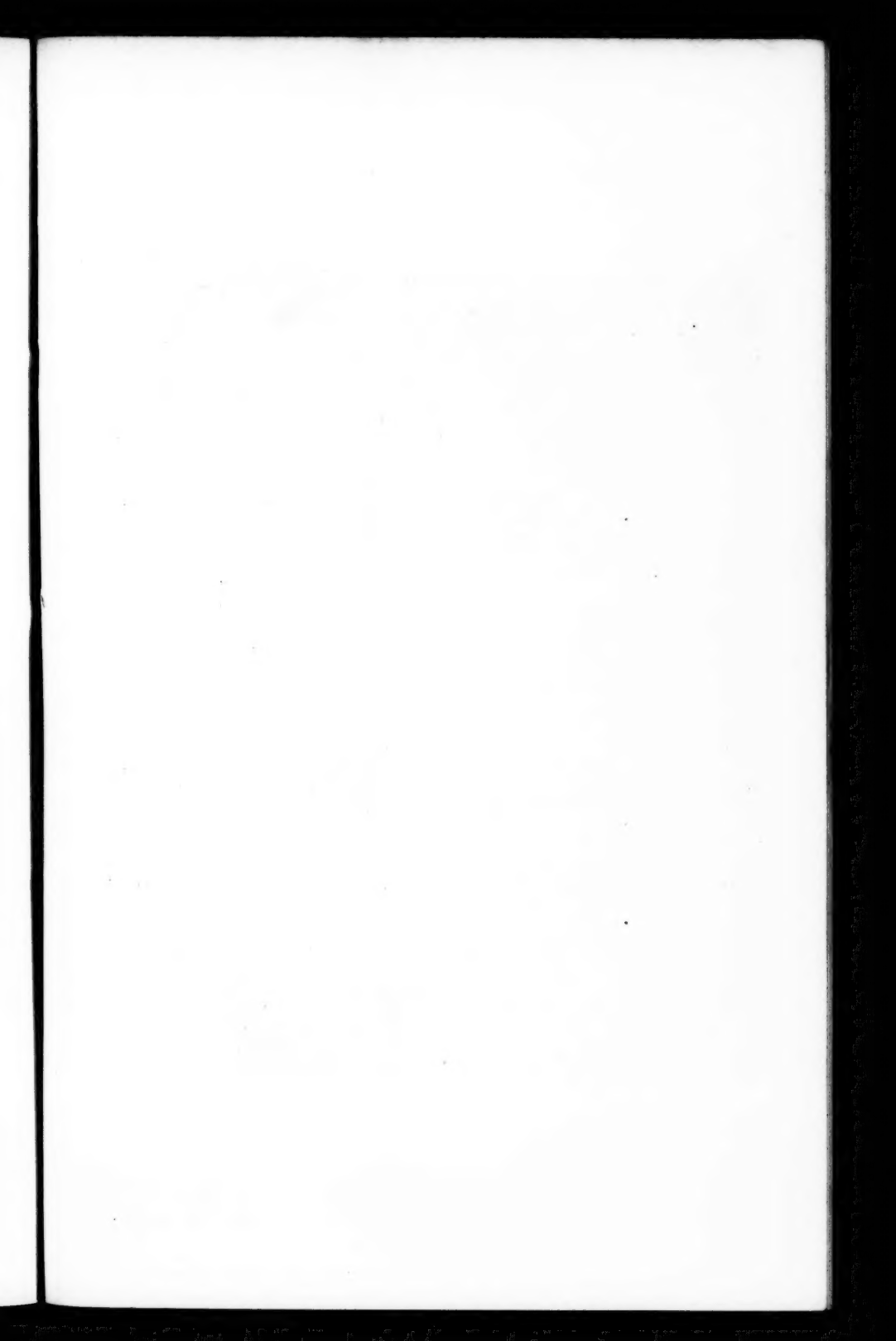
Why, you're flown
After those wild elves in the flower-beds there!
Ha, ha! you're human now.

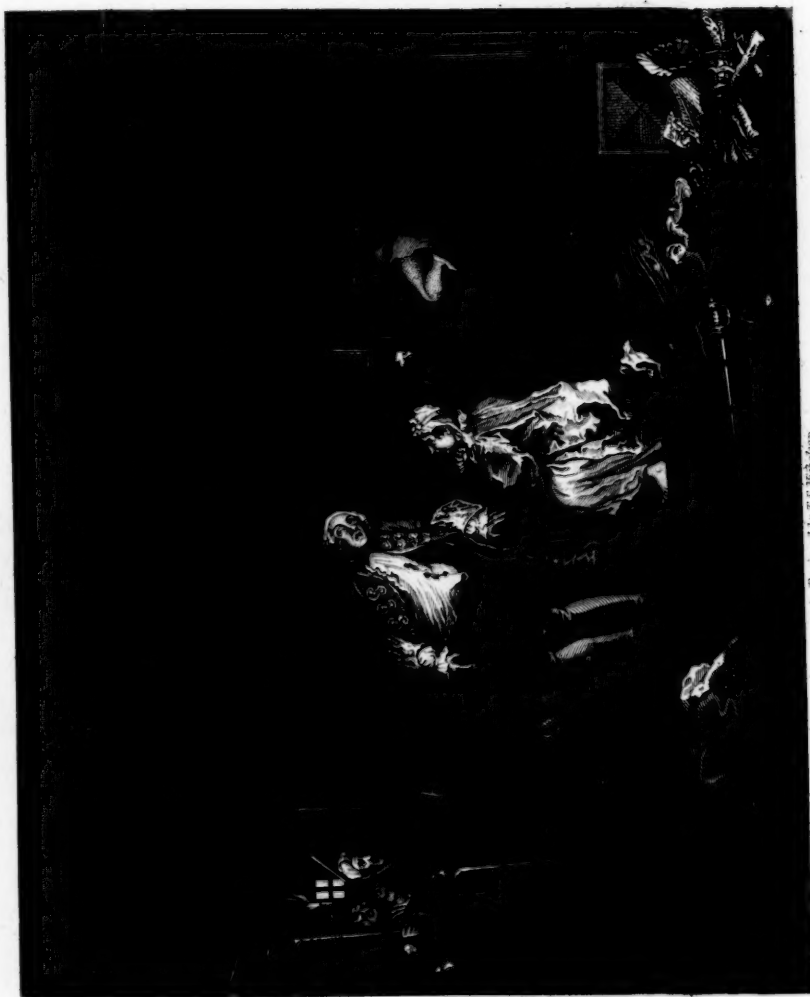
So best—so best:
Mine eyelids drop, content, o'er moistened eyes—
I would not have you other than you are.

Chambers's Journal.

MENDELSSOHN. There was this inexpressible comfort in all intercourse with Mendelssohn, that he made no secret of his likings and dislikings. Few men so distinguished have been so simple, so cordial, so considerate; but few have been so innocent of courtiership, positive or negative. One might be sure that a welcome from him was a welcome indeed. I thought then, as I do now, his face one of the most beautiful which has ever been seen. No portrait extant does it justice. A Titian would have generalized, and, out of its many expressions, made up one which, in some sort, should reflect the many characteristics and humors of the Poet; his earnest seriousness—his childlike truthfulness—his clear, cultivated intellect—his impulsive vivacity. The German painters could only invest a theatrical, thoughtful-looking man with that serious cloak which plays so important a part on the stage, and in the portraits of their country; and conceive the task accomplished, when it was not so much as begun. None of them has perpetuated the face with which Mendelssohn listened to the music in which he delighted, or the face with which he would crave to be told again some merry story, though he knew it already by heart. I felt in that first half-hour, that in him there was no settled sentiment, no affected heartiness; that he was no sayer of deep things, no searcher for witty ones; but one of a pure, sincere intelligence—bright, eager, and happy, even when most imaginative. Perhaps there was no contemporary at once strong, simple, and subtle enough to paint such a man with such a countenance.

Chorley's Modern German Music.





Exposed by T. L. Nichols.

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